

ONE SHILLING.

486

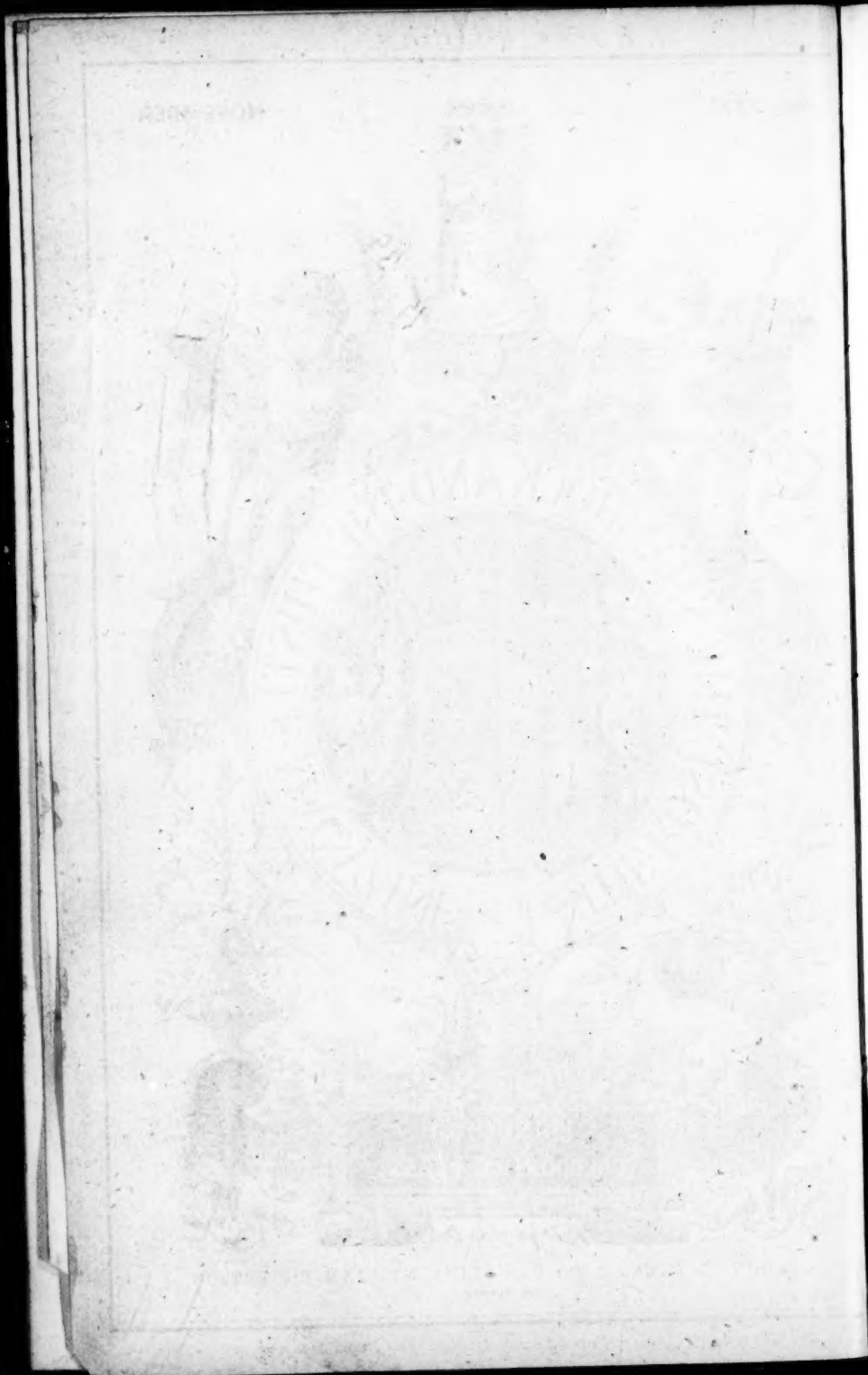
No. XXXI.

NOVEMBER.



LONDON W. KENT & CO. DUBLIN WILLIAM ROBERTSON
MDCCLXIV

[The right of publishing Translations of Articles in this Magazine is reserved.]



TH

1

B

T

A

S

A

S

F

I

A

I

I

I

M

C

THE ROSE, THE SHAMROCK, AND THE THISTLE MAGAZINE.

CONTENTS.—NOVEMBER 1864.

	PAGE
BITTER SWEETS: A LOVE STORY, BY JOSEPH HATTON,	1
CHAP. IX.—LOVE'S METAMORPHOSES.	
„ X.—WINFORD BARNES RAISES A DEMON.	
„ XI.—HARRY THORNHILL'S LAST DAY AT DENBY RISE.	
„ XII.—MORE SHADOWS.	
THE SNAGGLETON LETTERS,	24
LETTER III.—MR. SNAGGLETON ON GOING OUT OF TOWN.	
AN HEIRLOOM, BY GEORGE MANVILLE FENN,	29
SAINT FRIDESWIDE'S: A STORY OF OXFORD IN THE OLDEN TIME,	33
BOOK THE LAST.—THE ORDEAL OF FIRE.	
A GLIMPSE OF SCOTCH OFFICIAL HISTORY OF ONE HUNDRED AND	
FIFTY YEARS AGO, BY WILLIAM LEWINS,	40
SALUTATIONS NEARER HOME,	45
PAUL ROMAINE, BY THE AUTHOR OF "SAINT FRIDESWIDE'S,"	49
CHAP VIII.—BIRDS OF A FEATHER.	
„ IX.—COMING UP.	
PHOTOGRAPHS OF FAMILIAR FACES, BY A FEMALE PHOTOGRAPHER,	65
A WELSH GATHERING,	73
LADY MAUD,	80
RAILWAY ROMANCES: OR STORIES TOLD IN A TRAIN,	81
I.—MIRIAM GILBERT'S SORROW.	
RALEIGH'S BIRTH-PLACE, BY JAMES BOWKER,	85
MAURICE: A BORDER LEGEND,	93
CURRENT HISTORY OF LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC EVENTS,	104


EDINBURGH: THE CALEDONIAN PRESS.

LONDON: W. KENT & CO. DUBLIN: WILLIAM ROBERTSON.

AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

* * The FIRST, SECOND, THIRD, FOURTH, and FIFTH VOLUMES of "*The Rose, The Shamrock, and The Thistle Magazine*" may now be had, handsomely bound in Embossed Cloth, gilt edges, price Seven shillings and sixpence.

For the convenience of Subscribers Embossed Cloth Covers for the First, Second, Third, Fourth, and Fifth Volumes are sold separately, price One Shilling each. By post, Fourteen pence.

 All communications for the Editor, and all letters on business matters, should be sent direct to the Publishing Office, 31 HANOVER STREET, EDINBURGH.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Editor cannot be responsible for the return of rejected Contributions. Authors are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

THE ROSE, THE SHAMROCK, AND THE THISTLE.

NOVEMBER 1864.

BITTER SWEETS:

A LOVE STORY.

BY JOSEPH HATTON,

AUTHOR OF "THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF JACOB MORRISTON," ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

LOVE'S METAMORPHOSES.

WE claim, in this place, the privilege of the dramatist, to let the curtain fall for a short time upon the actors in our story: not that we require the time for a mere change of dresses and a shifting of scenes; not that our actors want rest or refreshment; but that we may not weary the reader with details which are not necessary in the development of this history. So imagine, dear madam, and you, kind sir, that the prompter's whistle has brought down the drop-scene upon the first part of our story, and that several months have passed away since Bessie Martin induced Richard Grey to leave his bad tutor, Mat Duncan; since Anna Lee began to feel that change in her thoughts and feelings which commenced with her introduction to Paul Massey. Imagine the winter winds that have swept over Denby Rise, and the snows that have whitened the rocks; imagine the gradual progress to convalescence of Paul Massey, and the cold journeys of Harry Thornhill from Maryport to the scene of his unfulfilled hopes; imagine the bitter and the sweet which has mingled in the cup of Anna Lee, and the secret sorrows of Mrs. Grey. Take our previous chapters as a basis for your thoughts, and, after a brief exercise of your fancy, contemplate the new set of scenes upon which we beg to re-raise the curtain.



Those of our fair readers who have experienced that great change induced by the first consciousness of being deeply in love—fondly, passionately in love—need no description of the sensations of Anna Lee. Those who have not felt these first tender humanizing influences we must leave to imagine them. Anna Lee, who tried to analyze her new feelings could only liken them to those of Undine when the fairy felt that she had obtained an immortal soul. She confessed herself to herself, and trembled, with a strange sensation of hope and fear and doubt, when she really knew that the love, which all Harry Thornhill's solicitude and attention had failed to excite, had been called forth by a stranger. It subdued and made her thoughtful: it induced a more regular and careful attention to home duties: it toned down and beautified her love for uncle Mountford: it tinged her conduct towards Harry Thornhill with a sisterly affection: it made her both happy and miserable: it sent her to her room hundreds of times to contemplate her secret, to revel over it, to nurse it, and to wonder at it.

Paul Massey, too, had felt a singular change come over his dreaming. Handsome, dashing, chivalrous, he had been long accustomed to woman's admiration; but, until now, he had never felt a real respect for any woman; until now he had never felt desirous to win a woman's true esteem; until now he had felt himself worthy of the admiration he had universally obtained; until now he had never wished to be respected for high qualities of mind, for noble thoughts, for intellectual attainments. The change thus wrought by the great enchanter speedily won not only upon Anna Lee, but upon her uncle; whilst it afforded Barnes considerable amusement and satisfaction.

Paul had suddenly found a new attraction in the stories of his early youth, and would find his way into Mr. Mountford's library, at all hours, to discuss all sorts of delightful questions in literature and art. He unearthed Plutarch, and had friendly battles with the Squire in comparisons of Alcibiades and Coriolanus, Aristides and Cato, Cimon and Lucullus. He astonished and delighted the old scholar with snatches from the classic poets, with reminiscences of school-life, with incidents of travel, and found access to the old man's heart in a thousand other ways.

One morning, however, when talking of Fenelon, he awakened suspicions which sent Mr. Mountford on a long thinking troubled gallop with Harkaway, and gave him a sleepless night.

"I think," said Paul, "that one of the most beautiful passages in Fenelon is his description of Antiope; where he speaks, you know, of the glowing modesty of her countenance; of her contempt of great finery in dress; of her total forgetfulness of her own charms. When Idomeneus, you know, leads the dance with the beauties of Crete, she might have been taken for Venus; when she goes out with him to hunt, he discovers such dignity of manner that might distinguish Diana: she alone being ignorant of all this superiority. I have often

thought of Antiope since I have been in your hospitable mansion, Mr. Mountford, and traced a likeness to her in your charming niece."

This was enough. Mr. Mountford's eyes were opened; and half an hour afterwards he was galloping with his thoughts over Helswick heath. Never since that favourite mare had run away with her jockey and the Leger, had she been tempted into such a pace; but fast as she went she could not overtake the set of new thoughts which troubled her master, thoughts which were of the sweet and the bitter. It was hardly wise for a man, the action of whose heart was, according to Dr. Fell's opinion, weaker than was desirable, to gallop at such a rate. But Mr. Mountford, when roused, was a man of strong feelings, and he seemed to be trying to gallop out of himself, to leave himself behind, to out-strip the hundred fancies that crowded upon him. When Harry Thornhill left Denby Rise, the week before, Mr. Mountford had reason to believe that Harry's proposition to Anna had not been received according to his hopes. Within the past few days he had noticed a marked change in Anna. He could not mistake the manner of Paul Massey's reference to Antiope. He liked Paul Massey, he loved Harry Thornhill, and the happiness of Anna Lee was the hope of his declining years.

It was a perplexing, unhappy situation for the old man, and it required a struggle to contemplate it calmly and philosophically. But Mark Mountford was a wise man, a scholar, and a gentleman. Some guardians, some uncles, on making such a discovery as that which dawned, with the spring, upon Mr. Mountford, would have upbraided their niece, ordered Paul Massey to quit their roof, and sent for a priest to marry Harry Thornhill on the spot. Mr. Mountford had noticed the change in his niece; he had had, more than once, very pointed hints of the failure of Harry Thornhill's wooing; and, above all, he had had, upon the very day when we drew up our curtain for the second time, intimation that Harry Thornhill was going abroad for two or three years.

So he sent for Paul Massey into the well-known library, and talked very seriously to that gentleman for a very long time. He told him all about his hopes and wishes; he told him about the interviews which that room had seen between himself and Harry Thornhill. Paul Massey confessed his love for Anna Lee, but denied that he had ever so far forgotten what was due to his hospitable host as to tell Miss Lee of his passion. No, nor had he gone so far as to make a planned attack upon her affections. He hoped Mr. Mountford would not think him capable of dishonourable conduct. Miss Lee had been exceedingly kind to him, and he had been proud enough to believe that she was not averse to his society. He could not help his feelings, he could not control his likes and dislikes; he only knew this, that he had never loved a woman in this world before. But his gratitude to his friend Harry, and he might say his love for him, would of course, after Mr. Mountford's explanation,

make him quit the field in his friend's favour. He was aware that his health was now quite restored, and that he might have left Denby Rise some weeks ago : had he known that Harry Thornhill was engaged to Miss Lee he should have done so ; but he had seen nothing in the conduct of Harry to make him think that he had hopes of such a character as those described by Mr. Mountford. Did he mean to say that Harry did not love his niece ? Certainly not ; he could not imagine any man not loving her. But was sorry that Mr. Mountford should be angry ; and was ready to quit Denby Rise that very day, and to go about the world with the memory of its happy days ever in his mind.

And now it was Anna's turn. But her interview with her uncle was only a brief one ; she was always wont to be frank with her uncle, and she did not on this occasion evade any of his questions. At the close of their interview she placed in Mr. Mountford's hands a letter received that morning from Harry. Even in a story we refrain from printing all the tender things which Harry said in this letter, all the noble words of self-sacrifice which he had penned with a feverish trembling hand on those closely written pages, which Anna had almost bathed in her tears. At the close the writer said he had long feared that Anna could never love him sufficiently to warrant the fulfilment of Mr. Mountford's wish, and his dear hopes ; that indeed she had told him as much, and that he had not been blind to the interest which she had shown in his friend Paul Massey. Perhaps love was naturally jealous ; his must be, for he fancied that Anna loved Paul Massey, and he was sure that Paul loved her. If this was not so, patient thought convinced him—convinced him against his will—that Anna had at any rate only to go into the world, to meet with one whom she could love better than himself, and one more worthy of her. The business of the house needed some attention in America and the Canadas, and also in Rotterdam ; and the firm having determined to open new agencies in these and other foreign stations, he had solicited and obtained the post of foreign inspector and agent for three years. He hoped that change of scene would soften what he must confess was a severe blow to his hopes—hopes which he knew he had had no right to indulge—and his absence would leave Miss Lee free to choose one who would make her such a husband as she deserved.

Altogether Denby Rise had experienced few such unhappy days as this on which Harry intimated his intention of quitting England. Mr. Mountford had felt, for the first time, how truly Dr. Fell had spoken when he assured Mr. Mountford that any great anxiety or excitement would be seriously dangerous to his health. He went to bed that night almost prostrated, and though he acknowledged to himself the wrong he had done in attempting to force the affections of two young people, he could not help thinking that the turn which affairs had taken would not prove to be happy or beneficial to Anna.

Paul Massey was in no frame of mind to listen to the chaff of Winford Barnes who had that day returned from a week's visit to Maryport; and Anna Lee spent a sleepless night, though she felt that it was a comfort to have made her uncle acquainted with her secret. Mrs. Grey had somewhat diverted her thoughts from the channel in which they had been running, by an account of the troubles and blessings of having two sons. Indeed it was midnight before Mrs. Grey had finished a true and particular history of the rescue of her son Richard from Mat Duncan, the devotion to him of little Bessie Martin, and the progress which Frank was making under that dear kind generous gentleman, Mr. Thornhill, who two months ago, as no doubt Miss Lee was aware, had taken her youngest son into his office.

It was seldom that Mrs. Grey was communicative about herself, but this night she was particularly so, chiefly through Miss Lee's encouragement, but also on account of her desire to make an ally of Miss Lee in a scheme of her own.

The boys she said lodged together, and she feared they did not agree so well as they might. Richard was naturally of an excitable nature and proud, and perhaps he did not like to be so much below his brother though of course he should remember how hard Frank had worked, and how Mr. Thornhill always thought so highly of Frank. Then Richard having been led away and taught strange habits, by the person who lived at the caverns, had no doubt influenced his character and made him a little wilful; and of course Frank should remember that, and give way to him. Besides he was younger than Francis and had not had the opportunities of improvement which he had had; Frank had been in Maryport so long, and had had time to resist its temptations and all that, which ought to be considered. She was quite sure that some day Richard would do well, for he was always clever. Miss Lee should hear poor Bessie Martin talk about him. He had written two letters to Bessie, and had promised to marry her. It was quite amusing to hear the boy talk; and as for Bessie, dear little thing, she would certainly grow up into a very fine woman, she had no doubt, though what was to become of her when her grandmother, the schoolmistress, died she did not know, and the old woman could not live long. Miss Lee must think it strange of her talking about these matters, which she was kind enough to say interested her, but of course poor people had their own feelings, and she could not help thinking that she ought to go and live in Maryport for the purpose of taking care of her sons. No, that was not exactly what she had wanted to tell Miss Lee; but she thought that some day she might really be obliged to do so, and if Miss Lee could bring it round, when she was talking to Mr. Mountford, so that if she should have to leave Denby Rise it would not come upon him sudden-like, she should certainly take it kindly. She had saved a little money, and Richard ought to have a mother's eye upon him; but she would rather lay down her life than Mr. Mountford should think her ungrateful. Ah! it was

a painful subject that Miss Lee was kind enough to mention about her husband leaving her ; but God knew that she had given him no cause for his desertion ; and she believed that her prayers would be answered, for she never went to sleep without asking that, alive or dead, George Grey should be undeceived if he thought she had. She should have died with shame and sorrow had it not been for knowing that there was One above who knew all things and to whom all hearts were open.

Thus the flood-tide of change set in upon Denby Rise. Like many another household which had slumbered on in a happy monotony of peace, Denby Rise was about to experience a series of rapid events which would make it Denby Rise no longer ; which would wipe out the Denby Rise of joyous springs and happy summers and peaceful autumns and contented winters. Some one has said there is no deeper law of nature than that of change. For a time the law may seem to be in abeyance, as it had for some years at Denby Rise. Years, happy, peaceful years had passed over that gabled house in the valley, leaving little trace of the flight of time. Some extra mosses, it is true, had grown about the trees, and the ivy had climbed nearer the window sills. A few additional gray hairs had appeared in Mr. Mountford's whiskers, and Anna had approached nearer unto womanhood. But no change had come upon the peace and happiness of Anna's life, though Mr. Mountford's anxiety concerning her future had increased with every year. Youth traces nought of change. Anna Lee had seen the swallows come and go until Paul Massey's appearance, without wondering whether she should some day journey from the dear nest with which Providence had provided her near the sea. And now the time had come for the moral law of change to be put into full action. . . . Let Anna gather the rose-leaves and cover them up—their undying perfume shall be grateful to her in the days that are coming.

Who hath not his rose-leaves ? Have you not gathered them, dear readers, from the garden of memory ? And do you not hang over them and feel the fragrance of summer which still lingers in the faded, curled up blossoms ? The perfume which came from them, before the great scene-shifter appeared in your home circle and changed it wholly—do you not inhale it from those gathered leaves ? May we venture a hope now that Anna Lee will carry the fragrant leaves with her into the future, and that they will be pleasant to her soul, mingling with their odours, music of happy days, whispers of the sweets which may come again after the bitters.

CHAPTER X.

WINFORD BARNES RAISES A DEMON.

THE first great step of change had been accomplished. * Anna Lee was betrothed to Paul Massey. Letters, earnest and fervent, had passed between Anna and Harry, full on one side of promises of sisterly affection, full on the other of generous forgiveness and manly hopes for Anna's future happiness. Mr. Mountford had been over to Maryport, and seen Harry, and Paul and Harry had almost sobbed in each other's arms.

But Harry felt his position keenly, and it must be confessed that his pride was wounded as well as his heart. Where is the man, however lowly an opinion he may have of his own merits, who does not experience some pang of humiliation on being refused by a woman whose love he has striven to win?

"Better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all,"

is a beautiful sentiment, and describes a real charm but a melancholy one; though we may come to bear and delight in the fragrance of gathered rose-leaves, even such as these. Harry Thornhill did feel the blow he had received most keenly; but he could not help confessing that it was not a sudden one; for he had always feared that fate had not destined him for Anna Lee. We know how deeply the failure of his proposition on a certain memorable Sunday had affected him, and how eagerly he seized upon the faint gleam of hope which afterwards broke through the clouds. That star rising out of the sea, how it had deceived him!

Harry had underrated his power to suffer. He was not the man to fall under his misfortune. But he was not the man to stay in England and let the wound heal up. He might see Anna again, and endure, aye, and be happy in, her society: but the hopes that he had built up were English hopes, were associated with home joys and social pleasures, and he did not chose to remain amongst their ruins.

Perhaps it was unwise for Mr. Mountford to press an invitation that Harry should spend his last day in England at Denby Rise. Perhaps it was not well that Anna should have given her consent to this. Perhaps it was Fate which prompted Paul Massey to discover that *The Beacon* steamship would sail from Maryport in the night, and that it would be more comfortable for Harry to be put aboard from Denby Rise. Winford Barnes was bringing round Paul's new yacht, and if his old friend Harry had forgiven him so fully as he said he had, and would let him put him on board, he would esteem it an everlasting pleasure to have spent with Harry the last few moments of his stay in England. Besides, this might tend to soothe the sorrow of Anna Lee, who was sorely hurt that she should be the cause of Harry leaving England. And

it would do more, Mr. Mountford thought—it might close the gossip's mouth, prevent rumour's tongue from wagging of the reason of Harry's departure from England. Spending the last day at Denby Rise, and going to the steamer on board Paul's yacht, would close against rumour all reasons for trumpeting forth the true speculation concerning Harry's departure. This was a sop to Harry's pride; and, moreover, he felt that he would like to say good-bye to Anna, that her renewed and personal assurances of sisterly love would be some comfort to him. And who could say that he had been rejected of Anna Lee, if he spent his last day at Denby Rise, if he took leave of her and of her betrothed at his old friend's dear old mansion? It should be so; and Paul Massey would meet him there.

"I should say you're a fool for your pains," said Winford Barnes, when Harry called upon him at his lodgings in Maryport, after seeing Mr. Mountford off for Helswick.

"Why, Winford, why?" Paul inquired, throwing himself upon a couch.

"Why! why? Is it fair, is it reasonable, is it sensible to tempt a woman in that way?"

"Tempt her! What nonsense you talk. What do you mean?"

"I mean this," said Barnes, putting up his legs on the mantel-piece and blowing a cloud of tobacco-smoke up the chimney; "I mean that you deserve to lose her for consenting to it. What will be the result? She will sympathize with the fellow. She will think of the happy days they spent together before she knew you. She will think how bravely he risked his life to save yours. She will think how she is driving him away to foreign lands, how he will be languishing for her in exile, and how you are the cause of all this; and if she doesn't hate you, in the end, my name's not Winford Barnes."

Paul rose from the couch, and walked about uneasily as his friend drew this most disagreeable picture. He had been accustomed to ask Winford's advice, though he seldom acted upon it, and had many times, particularly in money matters, found himself in the wrong by not acting upon his friend's opinion.

"You are so cynical, so mistrustful, Winford," he said, after Barnes had finished his sketch; "besides you have never loved a woman to know how love begets trust and confidence."

"Confidence, be hanged! I never trust anybody; I used to do, but it didn't pay. I tell you sympathy begets what you tender-hearted chaps call love, and that if Harry Thornhill's forlorn state on that last day doesn't result in Miss Lee's loving him, and hating you, I'm no philosopher; and you know I pique myself on knowing a thing or two."

Jealousy is so soon aroused and with so little cause, that Paul Massey already felt its insidious approach. He should have shaken off its contaminating touch at once.

"Mind, whatever you say will not influence me, Winford, will make

no impression ; because a man that has never been in love cannot judge of its pleasures, its duties, and its confidences ; but as I have nothing else to do, one might just as well talk about love as anything else. Don't you really think Anna Lee loves me too much to be influenced by any visit of poor Harry Thornhill's ?

"No I do not ! She likes you no doubt. She had seen nobody else but that solemn chap, who didn't know how to woo her. You were a novelty, something new, and you've got a way of making women like you."

"Go on, Winford ; say what you like, I shall not be offended."

"Well, you needn't ; for you know how desirous I am that you should have her ; because I have been unfortunate, am over-drawn at my bankers, and expect you to come down handsomely when you get the new estates and the big balance of Miss Lee's Indian parent. Ah, ah ! you see how devilish selfish I am in the affair ; so you may take what I say about it as for your interest, which is mine. Don't be offended if I treat it in a worldly way, because I am a man of the world."

Paul smiled a smile of pity, and Winford, with his legs still on the mantel-shelf, continued : "A woman's naturally a fickle inconstant thing, and as a rule soft-hearted. I grant it's something in her favour, that if a fellow's down on his luck, she does the ministering angel business, and all that sort of thing : and that's what I'm afraid of in your case. Miss Lee will never stand Harry Thornhill's leave-taking without loving him, as you call it—loving him for what she will call his sufferings : so have a care ; put off this good-bye business, that's my advice."

"It is impossible," said Paul, who, so great was his friend's influence upon him, began to feel that he wished it were not impossible.

"Bah ! Impossible. Why, you have only to see your affianced—that's the term, I think ? eh ?—you have only to see her and write to her to prevent the thing. Of course she will be anxious to fulfil your every wish."

"No, no ; it would never do. Besides, Harry goes at her uncle's invitation."

"Why, you are mistrusting your own powers already ! Now, mark me, if you let that friend of yours go spooneying about there, with his broken heart and his coming exile, and his years of love, et cetera, et cetera, et cetera, the chances are that Miss Lee, who is no doubt a generous soft-hearted creature, will find that after all there is a corner of her heart unoccupied, and once Harry gets admission into that corner he'll push you out neck and shoulders."

Paul said a hasty word, indicative of his contempt for Winford's selfish philosophizing ; but continued to walk from one end of the room to the other in an unsettled state of mind. Truth to tell, Barnes had dropped a grain of poison into his soul that was already tainting his true love for Anna Lee.

We can scarcely say he was jealous, but his love for Anna had made him, as we have already shown, a different man, and he had lost his old confidence in his own powers over woman. What if she should love Harry this little that Barnes spoke of? What if this little should fructify under the influence of sympathy and pity? What if his own hold upon Anna's heart only arose out of mere novelty and romance? She had scarcely seen anybody but Harry and himself. For a long time there was some reason to think she loved Harry. Now that he was going away, she might discover that her sisterly love, which she talked about, might grow into something stronger at the last moment: and then! The thoughts which followed were torturing, and Paul would have quarrelled with Barnes as the cause of his unreasonable discomfort. But Winford knew the passionate nature of Paul and avoided further irritation, knowing for many reasons that it would be impolitic to quarrel with Paul Massey.

Meanwhile Harry Thornhill prepared for his exile. The local newspapers announced that the able and highly esteemed junior partner of the eminent firm of Welford & Co. was about to quit England to take the management of their extensive trade in the Colonies and Russia. People in Bedford Square shook hands with him, and said how sorry they were. Sundry old men and women, to whom he had been kind at various times, came and blubbered their woes in the porter's room. Where would they find the like of Mister Thornhill? A number of merchants, and brokers, and shippers, sent a deputation to the junior partner to invite him to a complimentary dinner, at which it was intended to present him with a token of their regard. Keen-eyed men, and bushy whiskered men, and stout fellows with big watch-chains, and men of money, and indeed all sorts of men, had called at the office to make inquiries. Was it true that Thornhill was going abroad for two or three years? Yes! Very sorry indeed, great loss to Bedford Square, great loss to Maryport, most rising young man, pity he was going, but couldn't be helped, quite surprised on hearing of it. And much more was said; but Harry kept out of the way as much as possible, and felt like a mere looker on, one who is not personally interested. It was observed that the prospect of his departure had changed him a good deal. He seemed to avoid all conversation about his going, talked abstractedly about matters which concerned him but little. Occasionally he put on a light-hearted air, joked and appeared merry, but it was a solemn kind of merriment which was easily seen through, and set down to an effort to cloake the sorrow which he felt at leaving Maryport and his old friends. The sugar merchant's daughter, whom we have mentioned somewhere, heard of his departure with a sigh and thought of the evening when he had danced with her. . . . Happy sugar merchant's daughter, who hath not told her liking, and will speedily be consoled with the first beaux who offers his hand for thine and the dowry which thy rich father will put with it! . . . Francis

Grey took a walk by the docks, when he heard that Mr. Thornhill was to go away so speedily, and looked up amongst the rigging of the vessels, and down again on to the decks, and did not know what was the matter with him.

Once or twice Harry had rummaged over his papers and books with the pretence of deciding what he would take with him. There was one little packet over which he had often lingered. This last time he wept over it. Yes, wept over it. There was nobody to see him. A fool was he, sir? a booby? Well, that may be. You are at liberty to enjoy your opinion. Sentimental nonsense to cry! Very well, have it so. He cried, nevertheless; and the packet only contained a faded ribbon, a glove, a withered rose, two or three little pink notes, and some sea-shells. There was nobody there, we say, when Harry laid these out before him, and sobbed over them, and said: "Dear, dear, dear Anna: good-bye! good-bye Anna." . . . The rose leaves again *chers amis*: withered, but fragrant still. Harry recalled all his happy days by the sea, filling his heart and soul with them for this last once, ere he should strive to wipe them out for ever. When the fire began to smoulder on the hearth, and all was silent in the street outside, Harry dropped his little treasures one by one amongst the embers—the faded ribbon, the glove, the withered rose, the pink notes, the sea shells. By and bye the fire burnt up and seized upon them and made them its prey, crackling and hissing with them, and Harry felt as if his heart was burning; and when there were only embers in the grate again, he choose to make himself believe that his heart was crushed, that it was utterly gone, and all his love for Anna with it. Now he could look calmly upon the ring which he had once exchanged with her in sport, and the book of poems which she had given him because he admired them. These he would return to her: it was only proper, he thought, that he should do so. He could do it with the greatest calmness, and make a little speech to her, upon the occasion, about her future happiness. Oh! yes, he could do it; he was master of himself now: it was all over. And when he had put the sea between himself and Denby Rise he would be quite content. He would be alone in the wilderness—alone with his memories, and solitude should be his mistress.

CHAPTER XI.

HARRY THORNHILL'S LAST DAY AT DENBY RISE.

It was a bright spring morning when Harry Thornhill arrived at Helswick on that last journey to Denby Rise. He had reached the place before he was expected, in order that he might walk to Denby along the sands, for which purpose he left his luggage at the Rock Hotel.

How changed everything appeared to be! The tide was out, and Harry felt as if all old associations had gone with it. The rocks were not the rocks he had known. They looked hard and bleak, and frowning. The sands were not so golden as of yore. The mist which hung about the point, where he had rescued Paul Massey, instead of heightening the picturesqueness of the bent coast, looked like mere vulgar fog. The sea-weed, which fringed the pools that he passed, had lost its many hues. The spring sunshine, the songs of birds, and the fresh perfumed breeze had lost their charms. They excited no new hopes; they only carried the mind back to days, the sweets of which Time had dipped in gall.

Denby Rise looked gloomy too. The gables made dark shadows in which the ivy whispered of dead hopes and past joys. The green buds upon the tall trees, and the snowdrops which bloomed beneath Anna Lee's window, typified the new-life of Paul Massey and his love. For them the spring sunshine must be full of gladdening beams. For them the brook, which made such sad music in Harry's ear, must be joyous indeed. But to-day they would put off their happiness. To-day they would lay by their rosy hopes, and bring forth sad-cheerfulness to comfort Harry Thornhill. To-day no glimpse of their new-born bliss should, if possible, touch the heart of the solitary one. On the morrow the sea would have carried him far away on its bosom, and then might Anna Lee lay her head upon Paul Massey's shoulder, and confess her love again.

Mr. Mountford had seen Harry from the library window, and came forth to meet him, with a smile of welcome. He was truly a noble looking fellow this Mark Mountford. The sun shone upon his white hair, and lit up his handsome features as if it delighted to do him honour. But he looked much older than when Harry had seen him, only a few weeks previously. They went in together, and talked of many things; but they never mentioned the one thing that had stabbed them through and through. It was astonishing how they covered up the great sorrow, how they avoided it. By and bye the master rung the bell to have Harry's arrival announced, and to prevent Joe from bringing out the carriage in which Paul Massey and Winford Barnes was to have met Harry at Helswick.

Paul came into the library, and shook hands heartily with Harry, and said how glad he was that the weather was so fine. Barnes had brought round the new yacht, and they had christened it *Harry, the Preserver*, in remembrance of Harry's gallantry. An old proverb flashed through Mr. Mountford's brain—"Save a man from drowning, and he marries your mistress." But he dismissed the book-whisper instantly, and said Paul's new vessel was an excellent sailer. Harry said he hoped she would always have smooth seas and fair weather. Paul thought he would like to say: "You must think me an ungrateful villain, Harry; try to forgive me, try not to hate me, I could die for you," and some

other extravagant things ; but he dared not uncover what Harry and Mr. Mountford had covered up.

When Paul went out to see, as he said, after some little matters connected with the yacht, Barnes entered to greet Harry ; but there was no cordiality between these two. Harry could not forget that Barnes had seized the rope, intended for his wounded friend, during the storm ; besides which Barnes's manner and conversation did not please him. He could not have told you of any particular thing that Barnes had done, beyond thrusting aside Paul and saving himself, that displeased him ; and he could not have told you any particular words which had been offensive. But he did not like Barnes, and Barnes had no great liking for Harry, whom he regarded as a bit of a fool and a good deal of a spooney.

When Mr. Mountford went out and came back with his niece, Barnes took careful note of the meeting of Harry and Anna ; and soon afterwards went specially to Paul with what he called the danger signal. Anna had been unable to restrain her tears, and Mountford, the old humbug—he was sure Mountford was trying it on—motioned to Barnes to leave the room with him. Did he do so ? Of course he did. Miss Lee and Harry were together for nearly half an hour. Well ? Barnes had made some excuse to get rid of Mountford, and had seen the two through the window. Spying, sneaking, peeping ! No, he hadn't ; and if Paul got into such confounded rages with him he would hook it altogether.

Had Paul possessed as much true nobleness of nature as Harry Thornhill, he would have stopped Barnes, at this juncture of his report, with scorn. Paul had flared up, it is true, had called Barnes a sneak, and had vowed he would hear no more. But when Barnes said, "Very well, very well," and was walking away, Paul begged him to finish what he had to tell.

Well, then, in passing the window, he saw Anna sitting with her hand in Harry's. Harry was talking very earnestly, begging her to reconsider no doubt, telling her it was not too late, and all that sort of thing. Well, he would make no *ex parte* statement. He made an excuse to glide quietly into the room for a book. Anna and Harry were too much occupied to notice him, so he passed behind them into the adjoining room ; as he did so Harry put a ring upon Anna's finger, and he could distinctly hear him say "*I knew you would, Anna.*" He believed it was the ring which Harry usually wore ; but Paul would see for himself at dinner.

Upon this sandy foundation Paul Massey soon built up the structure which Winford Barnes had designed. It grew up so rapidly that its proportion seemed to reach the sky and fill the universe. *I knew you would, Anna !* Would what ? Why, love him at last ? Knew she would never consent to his leaving England on her account. Knew she would think of their early days, of his constant love ; knew she would pity him, knew she would heal his broken heart. Barnes threw in his

poisoned hints, and Paul took them eagerly, and raged and stormed and clenched his fists. Winford was a calm spectator, and anxious that Paul should not lose Anna Lee. Paul said Barnes no doubt was right. Love was blind of course. But no, he could not believe it, he would not, he would see for himself. He would ask Anna; no, that would be unjust. If he thought she did relent, he would— No! let Harry have her; he deserved her, he had saved his life. Thus were Paul's thoughts tossed like a shuttlecock, with passion and jealousy for the battledores.

It was by no means a happy dinner. Mr. Mountford said little, and Anna said less. Barnes talked a good deal, and Harry and Paul partook freely of wine. The ring was upon Anna's finger, the ring which Harry had been in the habit of wearing. What fools the green-eyed monster makes of its victims! What trifles delude and deceive them! Anna's calmness seemed "confirmation strong" of the truth of his wild imaginings. Her sadness, and her sisterly attentions to Harry, seemed to him the earliest approaches to a confession of altered affection! Fool! selfish fool! How little he knew of Anna's Lee's nature! How little he understood woman's love! Paul's jealousy burnt fiercer because he knew that Harry was his superior, because he knew that Harry deserved to have his love returned: and Barnes fed the flames, because he disliked Harry and feared that what seemed to be right would triumph, and because he could not imagine anybody giving up a woman so tamely as he thought Harry was giving up Anna. There was something beneath all this calmness Barnes thought; but Barnes with all his worldly wisdom was wrong, and Paul Massey with all his hot romantic love was most unjust to his mistress. True, he was in the hands of a cruel monster; for jealousy saith the preacher, is "cruel as the grave; the coals thereof are coals of fire, which hath a most vehement flame."

Night came at last. Harry had bravely fulfilled his part. He had said all he had intended to say to Anna. In the morning he had made his little speech without breaking down. Anna had received back again the ring, which Harry, months ago, had removed, in sport, from her finger. She had vowed to wear it now for his sake, and to cherish for him a sister's love. Harry knew she would, he said he was sure she would; but we must leave something to the imagination of our readers, so we pass over all this rapidly. Fill up the shading of our sketch yourself *mes amis*. You may easily imagine how all the servants came out to wish Mr. Thornhill good-bye, and how Anna Lee afterwards sobbed in her uncle's arms, and prayed for Harry's safety.

The stars shone down upon Harry, and Paul, and Barnes, as they were whirled along from Denby Rise to the cracking of Joe Wittle's whip. Harry fixed his eye upon one which he thought was the brightest, above Denby Rise, and watched it, with a strange sense of loneliness that needed all his strength to combat and overcome. But other stars came

into view as he gazed, thousands, millions of them, until his one bright star was lost amongst the sparkling worlds. He took its disappearance as a token : it was better now that he should forget Anna ; it was better that there should be no particular star to point out where Denby Rise peered forth amongst the trees. The carriage wheels rumbled over the stones, and the lamps made illuminated ghosts on the highway through which passed stray wayfarers who said good-night to the driver. Paul Massey had made up his mind to question Harry when they were on board the yacht, and to satisfy himself, if possible, without having to probe Anna's heart for the love which jealousy persuaded him was lurking there for Harry Thornhill.

Arrived at Helswick a boat soon carried them to Paul's yacht, which was lying out peacefully, beneath the stars, at no great distance from the caverns in Denby Cove. About a mile beyond, the steamer would pass down channel at midnight and would signal and wait for the passenger whom the captain considered it an honour and a pleasure to serve. Extra grog was served out to the small crew, and Harry preferred that he and his two friends should smoke their cigars on deck, the night being particularly mild.

In a short time, Paul, with a barbarous selfishness, turned the conversation into the channel which had been made by his jealous fears. His blindness made the answers appear unsatisfactory. When Harry began to divine the object of his friend's interrogations, his heart revolted at Paul's insane suspicions. And when Paul asked him what he meant by saying to Anna Lee *I knew you would*, when he placed his ring upon her finger, Harry remembered that some person had passed through the room during his conversation with Anna, and the thought that Paul had either been watching, or had set a spy upon him, raised the sleeping lion within him. He replied to Paul with scorn, and said he was unworthy of Anna Lee. Paul, whose hot-headed rashness had been stimulated by wine, added threats to his demands ; Winford Barnes said prevarication was a sign of guilt. Harry's sense of the wrong and injustice which had been done to Anna Lee could brook this ingratitude no longer ; and he taunted Paul, in terms of withering contempt, with meanness. Hot words followed each other in rapid succession, half-drowned by the loud choruses which the crew were singing below over their cups. . . . At length Paul said he would drag the secret from Harry if it choked him. . . . Suddenly the two sprang upon each other. . . . There was a brief scuffle, and in another instant Harry Thornhill disappeared. . . .

"Ahoy ! ahoy ! a boat, a boat ! Mr Thornhill overboard," exclaimed Winford Barnes.

"To the rescue !" shouted Paul, rising to his feet and rushing to the side, but prevented from leaping after his victim by the strong arm of Winford Barnes.

"Lose your hold, or by Heaven you shall repent it," gasped Paul between his teeth; but Winford only smiled, and gripped his companion the tighter.

"Quick! quick, lads, lower the boat, ere this passionate fellow leaps in and drowns himself to save his friend."

This sudden demand upon their energies seemed to sober the yacht's crew instantan, and a boat with the four men in it soon dropped upon the sullen tide.

"Don't be a fool, Paul, for God's sake!" said Winford, when the men were shouting and rowing and searching the water.

"Talk not of God—we should speak in hell's name," said Paul, glaring over the vessel's side.

"If you *will* compromise yourself, do," said Winford with a curse; "if you *will* proclaim yourself a murderer, lose your fair bride, and die on a scaffold, do it and be d——."

"Forbid it, heaven!" exclaimed Paul, in agony at the thought of such a doom.

"Forbid it, Paul Massey; forbid it, Winford Barnes," said his companion; "for they only have the power."

"Oh, God! that I had been the weaker. Why did you suffer this? Why, when you saw my hot blood was up—why did you not step between us?"

"They who in quarrels interpose,
Must often wipe a bloody nose,"

said Winford coolly; "mayhap *I* might have gone overboard."

"Heaven forgive me!" exclaimed Paul, "they are unsuccessful!"

The moon looked out from behind a cloud and made a long track across the water, and in its fitful radiance the boat glided behind the stern of the yacht. It was quite clear that their mission of mercy was a fruitless one. Paul hailed the boat with a sinking heart, and received the sad reply that "the poor gentleman must ha' sunk like lead." Paul heard the motion of their oars and the water rippling against the vessel; he saw the gleam of pale gold disappear from the sea; he saw the moon hide her face; he heard the voices of his crew; he felt the hand of Winford Barnes upon his shoulder; but, above all, he thought he heard and saw himself pronounced a murderer. The future seemed blotted out, and so did the past—all time was swallowed up with one fearful event: Paul Massey had killed his friend, his companion.

"Come, come," whispered Winford, "you are safe; besides, even were it not so, you did not mean to kill him."

"I did, I did—in that moment I could have killed him twenty times, and you knew it," said Paul furiously and seizing Winford with a desperate grasp.

"There, there, don't be a fool—remember I am your friend; I alone know what has occurred—remember that there is Anna Lee to live for."

A cold sickly chill seemed to run through Paul's every vein and crowd into his heart.

"You'll not betray me, Winford," he said faintly, the thought of conviction in the sight of Anna Lee completing the load of fear and dread and horror which pressed upon him.

"Never! Come, come; a lurch of the vessel—fell overboard by accident—a little too much wine—struck his head against the boat as he fell; the crew saw me hold you when you wished bravely to risk your own life. Come, come, Paul, cheer up man! There is only one fellow less in the world, and you can do without him, for he was your rival. Come, come," and Winford led Paul to the side where the men were clambering aboard.

And now gray streaks in the east gave token of the advent of another day; to Paul Massey light seemed to come with marvellous rapidity, and to glare upon him, to taunt him with his crime, to light up the scene of his wickedness for a vengeful purpose. Morning was breaking, though Harry Thornhill was no more; the morning had come, aye and the steamer too, both asking for the friend whom Paul Massey should have given up to them safe and living as he was in the flesh when he stepped on board Paul's ill-starred ship. A long black streak, like a mourning plume, hung from the funnel of the distant steamer, growing bigger and bigger as it neared the point of rendezvous.

The steamer's boat was lowered; the yacht's boat met it half-way with the sad message; then the two boats parted, and the steamer continued its long journey. The sun shone out brightly, glimmering on the white sails of ships making their way up and down the channel. Helswick, with its one tall spire pointing heaven-ward, presented its varied projections to the morning beam, and the breakers could be seen, white and sparkling, on the black rocks near Denby Rise. It was a bright and cheery picture, but sad and wearisome and torturing to Paul Massey, who could only think about a pale ghostly form, going down, down, into the depths of the sea, with the mark of his murderous fingers upon it. He could see it drifting, drifting, helplessly, with its eyes glaring upwards, appealingly, tenderly, rebukingly. No sunshine could gild that cold dead face; no breeze of morn or evening lift that dank hair, which clung about the pale damp brow; no haven give rest to that wandering corpse, tossed about by varying currents, or, starting up to frighten poor fishermen, until the waters gave up their ghastly burden and wondering landsmen, on some distant coast perchance, buried the unknown, unrecognized human waif of the mysterious sea. Paul Massey's imagination thus pictured the poor corpse through all its possible chances; whilst its glazed eyes seemed to be always fixed upon him and their rebuke was: "When you were in peril, on this same sea, I risked life and all its brightest hopes to save you—you, Paul Massey."

CHAPTER XII.

MORE SHADOWS.

THE message of death sped rapidly along the coast, and sent groups of people down upon the beach, looking wistfully at the sea, and wondering whether the waters would give up the lonely body. In expectation of reward sundry boatmen launched their tiny vessels, and kept a sharp look-out when the tide came rolling in. From morning till night, Anna Lee sat with swollen eyes, looking out upon the sea, and Mr. Mountford, who had been unwell for some days, went to his bed that night, never to leave it. Winford Barnes wrinkled his brows, smoked the strongest cavendish, and drank brandy, in the cabin of the yacht. Paul Massey, pale as a ghost, wandered about the great house, struggling with his horrible secret, and wishing that he were at the bottom of ocean's deepest depths. It was in vain that he made an effort to soothe and comfort Anna Lee. Her very presence was a reproach to him, and his touch was pollution. Anna looked up into his face, through her tears, and leaned upon his shoulder, and pitied her dear Paul. He must not give way! How pale he looked! It seemed very hard; but it was God's will, and they must bend before it! Mr. Mountford came to the grief-stricken pair, and joined his consoling words to Anna's. Now and then, however, he could not keep back bitter reflections in his sorrow. Why did not Paul leap after his friend and save him? Happiness had fled from Denby Rise ever since Paul Massey had entered its portals. But Mr. Mountford followed up his hasty words with ample apologies. His sorrow had overcome him: he was not well, and they must forgive him.

Mr. Mountford did not know that his reproaches were some little relief to the conscience-troubled Paul. Anna Lee's tender words cut him to the quick. If she had cursed him, if her uncle had denounced him as a murderer, he felt that it would be happiness compared with his present guilty misery. Once in his frenzy he glared upon his host, and had nearly exclaimed: "I killed your friend, sir; I, Paul Massey, am a murderer." But the soft tearful eyes of Anna Lee would not let him, and he buried his pale face in his hands and prayed to die.

The spring sunshine went peering about the place, trying to penetrate the gloom which the drawn blinds made in the gabled house. It flashed across the bay, and brooded upon the heaving waters, as if to question them. But the sea ebbed and flowed, was white and green, toyed with the shells, tapped the fishing boats, played with the weeds, went in and out the caverns, as it had done a thousand times before: it put on no mourning for Harry Thornhill. The steamers went up and down the channel; white sails glimmered in the sunshine; the sea-gulls dipped their breasts in the waters; the clouds made shadows upon the great mirror, and the waves made music with the pebbles just as they

had done on the previous day. Anna Lee might imagine the music an oceanic requiem, and picture the waves rocking Harry Thornhill in everlasting repose ; but there was no change in the sea—the everlasting, unchangeable, unimpressible, mysterious ocean, big with mighty secrets, rich with the spoils of centuries, treacherous as hell, smiling as it kills, singing whilst its victims cry in vain for help, playing with shells on a sandy beach and smothering strong men and helpless women in its cold bosom. To Paul Massey the waves seemed to be uttering a continual taunt ; but what cared the ocean for Harry Thornhill, when its coral caves and weed bedecked walls contained millions of pale guests as deeply mourned as he ?

Stray sounds of the Helswick passing bell wandered to Denby Rise in the track of the chimes which went in at the windows on a certain memorable Sunday : and Mark Mountford put his hand on his heart and felt satisfied that ere long the rope would be pulled again. Oh, it was a sad, sad day for Denby Rise ! And the news of Harry's death cast a gloom over Maryport too. Beckford Square pulled down its blinds, its many-hued blinds, its brown and gray and white and green and yellow blinds. The bell of the old church close by sobbed all day long, and flags drooped half-mast high from the shipping that peered over the house-tops and looked into the Square. Francis Grey felt the pangs of his first great grief.

It has been said, and supported by much evidence, that "the first symptom of approaching death, with some, is the strong presentiment that they are about to die." It is recorded of Fletcher that he ordered his tomb to be prepared, and that the grave was not dug a day too early. Mozart composed his Requiem under the belief, which was soon verified, that "it was for himself he was composing the death chaunt." The morning before he died, Wolsey asked Cavendish the hour, and when the reply, "Past eight," was given, he said : "Eight of the clock ! that cannot be—eight of the clock, nay, nay, it cannot be, for by eight of the clock you shall lose your master." The prediction was correct so far as the hour was concerned : Wolsey died at eight o'clock the next morning. John Hunter, who foretold his own death, explained the mystery : "We sometimes feel within ourselves that we shall not live ; for the living powers become weak, and the nerves communicate the intelligence to the brain."

It was something in the spirit of these men of the past that Mr. Mountford felt called upon to make known to his household that his days were drawing to a close. Sorrow having once entered the house was in no hurry to leave it. Her shadow was upon Denby Rise and the spring sunshine could not drive it away. The blinds were drawn up again. But nothing would dismiss the sombre visitor who sat upon the hearth and filled the house with gloom. Mark Mountford, with his head lying back upon the pillows, and his eyes fixed upon Anna Lee, reminded her of his conversations long ago in which he had

foreshadowed the day when he would have passed away. He spoke cheerfully of the approach of the time that was coming, and said he should die happily, because he would leave her with a protector. That protector was not to be Harry Thornhill, but Paul Massey. Harry's removal was a just punishment for his own attempted interference with the decrees of God. He accepted it with all humility, and was content to leave Anna with one who loved her with equal fondness. But before the day, which was not far distant, came, he would wish the marriage to be solemnized.

To Paul Massey the old man spoke in a similar strain, and Paul bowed his head as though he stood before the Judge who would weigh him in the balance. If the devotion of a life-time to Anna Lee, if prayer and penance, if years of penitence could wash away his crime, Paul felt that he could wipe it out. Though he had roused the slumbering lion in Harry's nature, Harry was the aggressor in the struggle on board the yacht. Oh, that he had borne the blow calmly! He had deserved a hundred blows. To doubt Anna, and to embitter the last parting of Harry with jealous taunts, were worthy of the severest chastisement. But to feel that the brand of Cain was upon him, was a burning sense of misery and shame and degradation that almost weighed him down. He feared to remain with Mr. Mountford alone. It seemed as if an unseen eye was upon him, and the nearer the invalid, drew towards the solution of that great mystery of the future which we shall all one day understand, the closer did Paul feel himself to the accusing gaze of the unseen witness.

Days, miserable days passed away, and Mr. Mountford grew weaker. One evening after interviews with Paul and his niece, preparations were made for a marriage ceremony. He could not die happily without leaving Anna Lee a sworn protector. It might be wrong for him to seem to interfere again with the decrees of Providence, but he could not help feeling that he should be only fulfilling his duty, and, at the same time he should be enjoying a last great pleasure in witnessing a union that appeared fraught with happiness to his dear Anna. To give her away to the man whom she had chosen, seemed to be all that remained for him to accomplish.

Paul Massey had heard all this, and had permitted the arrangements for the marriage to go on, but with a secret fear that they could never be carried out. It would be impossible, he thought, for him to allow such a diabolical business to proceed. Marry Anna Lee to a murderer! Better, better exposure, better death! He would tell all and give himself up to justice, or bury himself beneath the waters that had swallowed up his friend.

Winford Barnes found Paul in this state of mind a short time before the day fixed for the marriage. It did not suit Winford's plans that Paul should continue in it. To say nothing of the absurdity of standing on

a gallows to be gazed at by a sweating crowd of the scum of creation, Paul's idea of confession was he said a cruel one—cruel to Anna Lee, cruel to her uncle, and would bring such disgrace upon the name of Massey that nothing could wipe out. Mark Mountford was on his death-bed. Would he leave Anna Lee alone in the world, to be intrigued for by hosts of adventurers? Would he leave her to fight the battle of life alone? Would he leave her to break her heart over the loss of the man she loved? Oh, it was monstrous! For his own part he did not set up as a saint or a hero, but he would endure a few torments before he would act such a coward's part, were he in Paul's position.

The case was well put, and the decision was in favour of Winford's arguments. And in the end Paul registered a vow that the remainder of his life should, so far as he had power to act, be one of devotion to Anna Lee. The dearest wish of Harry Thornhill's heart was her happiness; and though he could not hope to erase the great blot which had sullied his whole career, he would protect and love Anna Lee and so regulate his life that no other crime should be added to the one which had shut heaven against him. It might be true that he had not intended to kill his friend; it was true that but for Winford Barnes he would have risked his own life to save him. But no extenuating circumstance could blot out what was recorded. Barnes laughed at the higher principles involved in Paul's great resolve; but said it was the right thing to do to stick to Anna Lee. As for Paul's wishing that he had leaped into the sea after his friend, that would have been sheer madness, and could only have ended in Anna losing two lovers instead of one; the current was too strong for any swimmer, to say nothing of the heavy ground swell there was on. If he had permitted Paul to leap over, he should have considered himself accessory to his death.

Anna Lee had placed her hand in her uncle's and acquiesced in all he wished. The evening shadows had fallen upon them through an oriel window, as they sat looking out upon the valley and listening to the music of the brook as it went on to join the sea. Mr. Mountford had rallied considerably and there seemed reason to hope that his own gloomy predictions would not be fulfilled. It made Anna more cheerful to think that, at least, part of the double blow which threatened them would be warded off. Her uncle had chatted with her about the future, and he had made her heart glad with praises of Paul Massey. The old man had stroked her fair hair with his white hand, and been garrulous about their pleasant rambles. During his talk many a golden precept and beautiful thought had fallen from his lips, and many a studied word on the duty of resignation to the will of God; for Mark Mountford had laid to heart the lesson of the brook, and knew how close at hand was the great sea of eternity, towards which he was journeying.

Why need we dwell longer upon this part of our story? why make several chapters of what may be told in one? Did not the marriage of Paul Massey and Anna Lee, followed the next day by the death of Mark Mountford, Esq., form the subject of conversation along the coast for many months? Do not the people thereabouts point out to strangers the house in the valley? Has not many a tourist said to fellow-travellers: "If that story were put into a book one would be apt to say it was unnatural?" You knew nothing about it, you may say. Perhaps you think we have invented the whole affair? Perhaps you think there is no house in the valley? Perhaps you think we have sat by the sea and imagined all we have narrated?

Ah, you should have stood, with us, a spectator of that marriage in the fine old drawing-room! You should have seen the sun-light flooding in upon Mark Mountford in his high-backed chair; upon Anna Lee, with her soft gray eyes full of tears; upon Paul Massey, pale and careworn, but handsome still; upon Mrs. Grey, buxom and rosy despite her troubles; upon Joe Wittle, with his hands in his big waistcoat pockets; upon the well-dressed group of servants, with an imperious fellow, in plush, towering above the rest and looking down with a smile of pity upon Joe Wittle; upon the parson in his white gown; upon Winford Barnes standing aloof, as though he pulled the strings of the whole affair. You should have stood by Mark Mountford's bed, four and twenty hours afterwards, as he lay with his hand in Mrs. Massey's. You should have seen how gentle death will sometimes be with a good man! You should have heard the true-hearted old man say: "Paul, you will be kind to her, and protect her?" You should have seen Paul bow down his head, and have heard him, whilst choking with emotion, say "Always, always." You should have seen those silent tearful groups of domestics outside the room. You should have seen that form which, at length, lay silently on the white bed, with Anna praying by its side! You should have heard the faint whispers of the solemn peal which the silver bells sent to condole with the mourners at Denby Rise. You should have wandered through the great house, and noted the soft tread of its inmates, as though they feared to wake one that slept. You should have walked into the library, and noted the vacant chair where the master had sat with his books. You should have seen how solemn and sad the familiar volumes looked on their tall shelves, waiting the touch of the hand that would turn their leaves no more. You should have seen Joe Wittle sitting on that old bucket in the stable with his head in his hands, bemoaning his master to Harkaway, and you should have noted how the horse, as if it understood that Joe was in trouble, rubbed its nose on the familiar fur helmet. Then you would not have doubted our story. Then you would not have said we fancied it, or that the sea whispered it to us, or that Denby Rise was not in the valley near Helswick.

You can hear the silver bells any Sunday morning. When you do

hear them rising above the murmur of the sea, think what changes they have rung upon the ears of Anna Lee, and Paul Massey, and Mrs. Grey, and Joe Wittle. Commune with the chimes thoughtfully and they will tell you this story all over again. Tune your fancy to their sweet tones, and they will become merry and sad as you list. They will travel drowsily, yet happily, across yon bend of the coast, climb the rocks and whisper in at the windows of Denby Rise, as they did on a certain memorable Sunday. They will mingle their voices with that of the sea, and tell you about a fair girl sitting at her chamber window. They will tell you of the wreck that followed; whilst the sea washes at your feet, and smiles at you as if it hugged itself on its greater knowledge than the chimes. The bells will not heed the egotism of the waters, but will go on chattering to you, singing, or whispering as you will; until at length they become sad and plaintive and piteous, jangling out of tune, and wailing and touching your heart-strings with their dolorous music, and carrying your thoughts to the churchyard, where a marble slab rests amongst the grass over the mortal remains of Mark Mountford. Fickle bells! Tender bells, babbling bells! Are you really the same that clash forth merry notes on the wedding morn, and make painful peals when graves are opened, beneath the shadow of your mysterious home in the church tower? If so, are ye governed by spirits as various as your varying notes? Are ye inhabited by genii that control your changing voices? Do angelic throngs people your brazen domes when Sunday comes, to make your tones prayerful and religious, to tune your voices to the organ's pealing and the choral chant? Do merry sprites whirl and twirl and gambol through your big stone room, and forge those tinkling, ringing, sparkling, trilling, clanging notes that greet the bride as she steps out from the gray old porch upon roses flung by village children? Do the mystic messengers of mighty magicians give meaning to your voices, when boys hear you say strange things such as Dick Whittington heard? Do tricky sprites govern ye when ye tell a man whatever he wishes you should say, when you repeat his own thoughts and make him take your words for omens? Do spiteful, vengeful, demoniac fays influence you when you tempt men to direful deeds with tales of blood at midnight? Do the good angels come back to you when you mourn for the dead, when you preach with such solemn beauty the great sermon of mortality?

(To be continued.)

THE SNAGGLETON LETTERS :

COMPRISING MANY INTERESTING PASSAGES IN THE HISTORY OF
THE HIGHLY-RESPECTABLE FAMILY OF THE SNAGGLETONS.

LETTER III.

MR. SNAGGLETON ON GOING OUT OF TOWN.

To Mr. John Cooler, Wine Merchant.

THE SHINGLES, SLOPPINGTON-SUPER-MARE,
August 20th.

MY DEAR COOLER,—Being left alone by my family (for which, Heaven be praised!) I take the opportunity of telling you a little of our goings-on, and especially of what I've suffered, and had to put up with. It's a real comfort to have a friend like you, Cooler, where I can unbosom myself like, and get advice if I want it; not that I want it just now, unless you can tell me how I can again become master of my own house, for as I am now, I'm as much a cypher as ever was any poor fellow on this mortal earth. I've been struggling, and trying to exert—my what d'ye call it?—prerogative—yes, my prerogative as a husband, and all that. Why, I might as well try to scoop up the sea here with the sugar-tongs! Mrs. S. has got the bit between her teeth, and I may pull till I'm black in the face, and all to no purpose. Well the fact is, my dear Cooler, we've had a breeze, a regular blow up in fact, and I've been beaten—beaten all to nothing.

About a month ago Mrs. S. and the girls began about leaving town, I knew they would, for they'd been firing off shots, off and on, several times before, only I wouldn't take any notice. At last one day when the girls were both in the room, Mrs. S. says all of a sudden: "Mr. Snaggleton have you thought about going out of town?"

"No my dear," says I, "I can't say that I have."

"Well, me and the girls have decided, I think," says Mrs. S.

"Oh, have you, my dear?" says I, very quietly.

"We mean to go to Folkstone first, and then run over to Boulogne, and perhaps go on to Paris, if there's time," says Mrs. S. again.

"Is there anywhere else you'd like to go to, my dear, while you're about it?" says I; "wouldn't Rome and Constantinople be in the way?"

Well, my dear Cooler, she wouldn't stand that at all, and said so; and I began to get nervous, though I meant to try and carry it with a very high hand; but the fact is, Mrs. S. is a most extraordinary woman, and I'm not her match, and I don't want to say I am. However, I'll

brazen it out, thinks I; so looking very determined, I says: "I don't care about going away at all," I says; "but if I go anywhere it'll be to Margate." Well you should just have heard 'em go on!

"Margate!" says Mrs. S. "Go to Margate! Go to Jericho! Do you think, S., that I'll take my dear children to a nasty, low, cheap, abominable place like Margate? Why you'd meet anybody there, you might meet your own tailor, Mr. S., in the sea!"

"And suppose I did," says I, "he's a very respectable man, and I shouldn't mind meeting him in the sea or out of it." But the girls made more noise than their mother, if that's possible, and abused the place up hill and down dale till I began to get rusty; and says I: "Come, none of your nonsense, girls, you were glad enough to go to Margate for half-a-crown when you lived over a respectable shop in Whitechapel, and glad enough to eat periwinkles with a pin on board the boat as you went down the Thames!"

"Mr. S.," says my wife, in an awful voice, "I beg that you will have *some* respect for our presence, and not lower yourself *unnecessarily* by such *low* language. We shall *not* go to Margate, so that matter's settled."

Well, they went off for the present; but I knew the breeze wasn't over. All dinner-time they were as glum as could be, and that fellow Jobling, or Allenby, as Mrs. S. calls him, went about the room as though he were getting out the cake and wine after a funeral. After dinner, Mrs. S. says to Jobling: "I want you to take a note to Dr. Chatterby presently."

"What's the matter now," says I, "I'm not going to have any advice gratis business here, and there's nobody ill, is there?"

Well, it appeared that Mrs. S. wasn't feeling at all well, and as they were to stay in town during the summer it would be necessary to begin a course of medicine! Begin a course of humbug! thinks I, and asked Mrs. S. why she intended to stay in London. Then they opened their batteries again in fine style. Hadn't I suggested Margate, the sink of London, the resort of the lowest of the low? Had I the feelings of a parent, or had I not? "I only wish I hadn't," says I, "and then, perhaps, you'd let me alone!"

Well, my dear Cooler, I was badgered about, and run into a corner, and obliged to consent to give up Margate, though very much against my will. "Isn't there the pier, my dear," says I, "and the donkeys, and the shops, and capital oysters and shrimps every morning?" But it was of no use; they jeered at the pier, and turned up their noses at the shrimps. One thing I stuck to, I wouldn't go abroad; we haven't come to that *yet*; but I've little doubt we shall, some day. I suggested Brighton.

"Lor', Pa," says Jemima Olivia, "what, go amongst the shopkeepers out for nine hours by the sea-side for 3s. 6d.? No, thank you!"

The matter was left undecided for a day or two, Mrs. S. generally

blowing up a bit at dinner-time, till at last they all came galloping into my snugery, where I keep the old golden tea-pot that used to hang over the door in Whitechapel, and all of 'em began talking at once. Well, I let 'em go on, without taking much notice, and at last made out that Lady Green Turtle was going to take the old Alderman, who's half mad with the gout, down to Sloppington-super-mare, and nothing would do but we must go too. It seems that Lady Turtle had never been there, but had heard it highly spoken of, as being very select and most respectable. Well, I got no peace till I said we'd go; and wishing Lady Turtle at the bottom of the Serpentine, I finally agreed to it. We're here, my dear Cooler, and the best joke in the world is, that Sloppington isn't at all a fashionable place; and after the girls have brought down enough fine dresses and hats to stock Alison's big shop in Regent Street there's nobody here to show 'em to, except a few quiet parties like me, or like what I *was* when I was in—the East. I'm very glad it is so, because I think I shall enjoy myself here very well, and I think it'll teach Mrs. S. a lesson about running after fashion. I like, for my own part, to lie on the beach and smoke my pipe in the mornings, and see the children puddling about in the water, and the nursemaids abusing their missuses to each other, and the lazy old boatmen chewing their quids and talking about the weather. That's what I like, Cooler, and then about eleven or so, I get a cool pot of porter and a bit of lobster or something of the sort, and read my paper and see how trade's getting on, and wonder how the old shop is where I passed the best part of my life, and hang me, Cooler, if I don't think it was the happiest too, for being fashionable is an awful tax on a man. Mrs. S. and the girls, who are as cross as two sticks, only come out at certain hours, and then march up and down the parade in no end of a grand get-up; and the people here, who dress in comfortable blouses and slouched hats, look at 'em as if they wondered who the dickins they can be, and I dare say they do.

A fine thing happened the other day. Mrs. S. had been bothering to go to some old castle or other, six miles off, a ruin too, it appears. Well, I didn't want to see the old place, especially as it was so dreadfully out of repair, and so I said; upon which Maria Alexandrina says: "Have you no respect for the antique, Pa?" "To be sure I have, my dear," says I, "the greatest possible respect for him, but I don't want to go calling on him when his house is all out of order!" I thought she meant the party as owned the castle, you know. However, as usual, Mrs. S. gained the day, and the time was fixed for going, but there was no carriage to be got, only donkeys. Well, Mrs. S. was very savage, and said she wasn't going on a plebeian animal like a donkey; whereupon, says I, "If we don't go to-day, we don't go at all, so take your choice, Mrs. S." So we went on donkeys, and very good fun it was to see the girls and Mrs. S. sitting on the beasts, and frightened to death whenever the brutes brayed, which they always did if they recognized a friend in a field. Well, we'd got about half-way, when we found the water had

risen along of the rains lately, and the road was all flooded; the donkeys didn't much like going into the water, but after a good deal of 'gee-hupping' and 'come-alonging' we all got well into the flood, when just at this moment (bless you, I can't help bursting with laughter when I think of it) up comes a couple of cows. Mrs. S., you must know, is awfully timid at cows and bullocks, and all those sort of things; so no sooner did she see them coming, than she set to screaming like mad, and saying to the fellow who drove the donkeys: "Oh, my good man, don't leave me, for gracious sake, don't desert me!"

Well, if you'll believe me, my dear Cooler, I laughed so that I could hardly hold on to my donkey, for of course I saw there was no danger; and there was Mrs. S., with her erinoline flapping and hanging about, the donkey standing as still as a post, and the driver running after Olivia's donkey, who was off to the common as hard as he could go. Mrs. S. kept tugging away at her donkey's bridle, and the awkward brute not liking it, I suppose, began quietly to lie down in the middle of the water, and there was Mrs. S. with her fine red petticoat, and her steel wire-work concern, gradually disappearing. Her cries were most dismal, and Maria Alexandrina began to scream too, though I saw the young minx laughing at first as much as I did. The poor cows who were the cause of all this hubbub walked quietly by, and it was as much as I could do to drag Mrs. S. and her donkey on to dry land again, and a pretty figure she looked! And wasn't she just cross too! By George, Cooler, my boy, I caught it finely. If I'd knocked her over in the water on purpose she couldn't have made more noise. I don't think she saw me laughing, however; I'm sure I hope not, or she might poison me or something, even now.

We went on, notwithstanding all this, and came to the castle. It was said to be a fine ruin; but for my part, my dear Cooler, I think ruins is all nonsense. What's the good of going ever so far to see a place because it's two or three hundred years old, and all tumbling to pieces? Why, look at St. Paul's, or Westminster Abbey, they're precious old, so they tell me, and people don't make a bother about *them*, but directly an old place goes to ruin, everybody comes running to see it.

We had a very tidy lunch among the ruins, and the bottled porter was very genial after our wet ride; but why we couldn't have enjoyed it just as well in our lodgings at Sloppington, I for one can't tell. But the best of the joke is coming, my dear fellow; while we were all eating and drinking, and Mrs. S. had spread out her skirts to dry, all of a sudden we heard somebody coming, and who should pop round an old wall but Greaseby, the butcher, whose shop stood just opposite us when we were in the East, and who has been with us for many a trip to Hampstead and elsewhere. Well, he'd no sooner got round the corner and seen us, than he hollers out: "Here, Hann, come along; why I never, if here haint the Snaggletons." Up comes Mrs. Greaseby, poor soul, puffing and blowing, and all of a tremble, she'd made so much haste,

and she runs up to my wife and shakes hands with her like anything. Well, you should have seen Mrs. S.'s face ; a photographer would have given any money for it. She couldn't get out of it anyhow, for her back was up against the ruins, and we were all in a corner. She was awfully stiff, however, and the girls scarcely took any notice of "those odious people," as they called the Greasebys ; but, bless you, they didn't care a bit, but chatted as friendly as possible, and talked over old times and asked Mrs. S. if she remembered going to Hampstead Heath and riding the blind donkey, and whether she didn't miss the smell of the candles. At last Mrs. S. got up and shook herself, for all the world like a Newfoundland dog ; says she, very lofty-like : "Mr. S., it's time for us to return, we have an engagement with Lady Turtle. I wish you a good afternoon, Mr. and Mrs. Greaseby." And with that she went off to her donkey. Before we started, however, honest Jock Greaseby came up to me and says he : "I didn't think a little money altered a party so. Why, Snaggleton, I've sold your wife mutton a half-penny cheaper than anyone else in the Row before now."

"Never mind, old fellow," says I, "it's not my fault really ;" and it wasn't, Cooler, for 'pon my word, I liked the man and always shall.

Well, I needn't say that there was a pretty piece of work going back, what with the donkeys, and the water, and the rain, for it began to pour before we got far, and above all the meeting with the Greasebys, Mrs. S. and the girls made my life a burden to me ; and "hang it all," says I at last, "if you say much more we'll go back to town to-morrow, yes and to Whitechapel too, which I'm heartily sorry we ever left."

Mrs. S. then called me a monster, and said I hadn't the feelings of a gentleman. "No, my dear," says I, "that's true enough, and what's more, I don't pretend to have 'em ; what's bred in the bone comes out in the flesh : my father was a grocer, and *his* father before him, and I'm a grocer still, though I haven't got a shop."

They all agreed that I was a disgrace to the family, which is rather rich, considering that I made the family what it is, except its foolish airs, which don't come from *my* side of the house ; and they also determined to leave "this horrid, vulgar place as soon as possible," to which I made no objection. Next morning Mrs. S. and the girls went to bathe, and while they were having their dip, they met another old acquaintance, Miss Shag, who kept the snuff-shop with the red-nosed Highlander in front of it, just round the corner of our street in the East. She popped up close to Mrs. S. in the water, and being an affectionate old girl, insisted on catching hold of her round the neck, and calling out : "Why if isn't my old school-fellow, Jemima Snaggleton." Lady Turtle was close by, and Mrs. S. was ready to die of vexation. I nearly killed myself with laughing when I heard it. Just, fancy my dear Cooler, coming all this way to do the genteel, and then to meet your old acquaintances at every turn ! I don't know whether we shall stay here much longer but Mrs. S. hasn't quite made up her mind yet. Olivia doesn't want

to go. I fancy she has made some grand acquaintance or other ; I saw her walking with a young fellow very finely dressed on the promenade last night. You can write to me, here, Cooler if you've time. Remember me to all at home, and now I remain, yours sincerely and to command,

JOSHUA SNAGGLETON.

AN HEIRLOOM.

BY GEORGE MANVILLE FENN.

"That's a fine pearl, Fiddis," said one of "Ours," admiring a lustrous gem worn with an air of "admire me, do," in "Sam's scarf."

"Ah, so it is," chimed in one or two others, now for the first time noticing the pin in the breast of our new sub.—a fine young fellow from the sister isle, rather given to making alterations in the pronunciation of the Queen's English.

"Yes, pretty fair," said the owner. "It's an heirloom ; and came into our family in the early part of the seventeenth century through one of my ancestor's tenants, who was a fisherman. There's a legend attached to it."

"Just so," said a voice, "I suppose it's an heirloom upon which you weave your history."

The pearl was passed down the table from hand to hand ; deservedly admired ; and after the decanter had followed the same course, and a glass or two of its contents had passed away, Ensign Samuel Fiddis, at the earnest request of his messmates, related whence came the lustrous "unio."

"You see," said the narrator, "our folks used years ago to receive tribute from some of their dependants in fish ; and one Mike Connor was in the habit of furnishing all the natives that the old people took with their stout ; but he was a lazy fellow, a great liar, and always in arrear with his 'tip ;' so much so, that his lord used sometimes to talk of selling him : not, however, with any intention of fulfilling the threat, for he would not have fetched anything worth mentioning ; and, besides, he was well up in the position of the oyster beds, and, when he liked, could bring in a capital basket of the molluses.

"Now it happened one morning, when the poor fellow was just recovering from a large dose of kicks, that he shoved off in his little boat, and with his sadly worn dredge net set to work trying to fish up a few oysters from amongst the rocks ; but he was out of luck that day, for do

what he would, no oysters could he get—nothing but empty shells ; and at last, almost in despair, he took a large pinch of genuine Irish out of a large whelk shell which he carried well corked in his pocket, pulled in his empty net, and paddled off to try some new ground where net had never before been cast ; for he felt that it would be a case with him if he had not something to show upon his return. So at it he went, and at the first drag he got hold of something which made him pull with all his might ; and it was not until he had nearly pulled the little skiff over with his efforts that he felt that he had got the upper hand, and made sure that he was drawing in a good netful of the savoury bi-valves. But to Mike's great astonishment, instead of a netful of natives he had drawn up a single specimen, an enormous fellow like a gigantic loo-table. Mike never stopped to think—as a rule we Hibernians never do—and so without troubling himself about what might be the consequences, he puffed, and panted, and strained, and at last hoisted the big monster into his crazy vessel, where it looked almost big enough to swamp it, for six feet across it was at the very least. However, he put a bold face upon the matter as he dragged the monster on board.

"As soon as he had it sitting across, resting with its shell on the two sides of the boat, Mike Connor sat himself down on the thwarts to get his wind again, and taking another pinch of snuff, and wasting half of it by being so nervous at the sight of his visitor, there he sat, staring for all the world like an oyster himself ; for he never saw the like of that fish before.

"He had been sitting there the space of about two minutes, when the great baste opens his mouth, and yawns like a catacomb. 'Heigh-ho ha hum-m-m-m,' he says ; and when his mouth was well open—'What in the name of all the saints d'ye mane by that, Mike Connor,' says he.

"'Save us !' says Mike, getting just the laste taste uncomfortable. 'Save us,' he says again.

"'What d'ye mane, Mike, I say?' says the oyster, giving himself a bit of a shake, and letting one of his edges slip down inside the boat, so that he cocked up sideways. 'There you go,' says he again, 'what did you do that for ? Put me up horizontal, Mike, and let's have it out like Christians.'

"Mike crossed himself, and then hoisted the oyster on to the edge of the boat again, and then he stammered : 'What do I mane, mane by what ?'

"'Mane by what ? why by dragging a dacent body out of his own bed at this time in the mornin', wid your dirty old rope yarns. By the beard of my father, it's likin' I'd be to give you a duckin', Mike.' Saying which the oyster shut his lid with a snap that nearly made Mike jump overboard. Till seeing how helpless and still the great brute lay, Mike began to think there couldn't be so much danger, and so he plucked up spirits again, and took another pinch of snuff.

"By and bye the oyster opens his shell again, and says to Mike,

says he: 'Lift me up, Mike, and put me a little straighter. I'm all of one side yet, and it gives me the water on the brain. There, lift me,' he says, 'I shan't bite ye, ye omadhaun.'

"'How do I know that,' says Mike stoutly. 'It isn't touching you again I'll be, without laying the boathook across your mouth.'

"'Mike,' says the oyster, 'you're a fool, or else you'd trust the word of a gentleman. You just put a hand under me at once, and lift me up, or I'll spit a pearl in your eye.'

"'Good luck to you,' says Mike to himself, 'I wish you'd spit it somewhere else;' and then he goes quite bould up to the oyster and sets him square."

"'That's nate,' says the oyster, 'and now just put that ugly fist of yours in here, and I'll give you such a pearl as that bodkin eye of yours never saw before.'

"'Whereabouts will it be?' says Mike, not much liking to put his hand into such a trap as the oyster looked; 'whereabouts will it be?'

"'Why, here,' says the oyster, 'just below my bird; I use it for a shirt button.'

"'Whew!' says Mike, giving a long low whistle; 'why, he talks for all the world like a Christian.'

"Now look alive, Mike,' he says, 'and then you can just tilt me gently over the boat again and be off, for the sooner I'm in bed again the better. There,' he says, yawning till his shells were two feet apart, 'see how sleepy I am. That comes of being disturbed of a morning after having a case of twins in the night, Mike Connor. But, come now, take the pearl, and then put me back, there's a good soul.' Saying which he looked so mighty pleasant and innocent that Mike put his arm in right up to the elbow, and after a little feeling about he got hold of a pearl as big as a hen's egg.

"'Ah, ye greedy divil, not that one,' roared the oyster; 'not that one, ye thief of the world, the one under my bird; so lave go of that one and be aisy.'

"But Mike Connor felt that he had hold of a treasure, and only stuck to it the tighter.

"'Now lave go, Mike, like a good lad,' says the oyster, 'and don't let's spoil a pleasant meeting by falling out. Take the one I told you and put me over.'

"But Mike stuck to his prize, and tried hard to drag it out, when, smash went the oyster shell, and in a moment Mike Connor's arm was as tight as if in a vice. He roared; he howled; he kicked the oyster; he tried to wrench the shell open with one of his oars, but being left-handed he could not manage it; and at last in his struggles he made the boat rock so that the oyster slipped overboard, dragging Mike with it; and down they went right into the oyster bed—Mike all the while kicking and swallowing the salt water as hard as he could.

"When they were at the bottom, Mike had grown quite tired of

struggling, and lay quite still, and so the oyster opens his shell a bit to get a fresh hold : but the boy wasn't dead, only shamming ; and so seizing the opportunity he drags his hand out of the oyster with all he could bring with it, which was a bit of the oyster's beard and this pearl out of his shirt-front ; and then with one kick he was up to the top again, just in time to get a fresh breath of air before he was drowned.

"Mike paid in the pearl and got clear out of debt, with an exemption from work for five weeks into the bargain, and these he spent in dredging after the big oyster. But though he tried for months in the same place, he could never again get hold of it, badly as he wanted to get possession of the hen's egg pearl.

"But after all said and done, this is one of the finest pearls I've seen ; and Mike had not much cause to grumble at his day's work. I never heard that anyone else had the luck to catch Mike's oyster, and I'm not going to be answerable for the truth of his story."

SAINT FRIDESWIDE'S:
A STORY OF OXFORD IN THE OLDEN TIME.

(Continued from Vol. V., p. 612.)

BOOK THE LAST.
THE ORDEAL OF FIRE.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

"He is justly serv'd;
It is a poison temper'd by himself."

SHAKESPEARE.

As Anthony Dalaber walked towards the village on the morning after the revel, a man dressed in the ordinary habit of a peasant approached and laid his hand on the scholar's arm.

"You come from Greystone Manor, fair sir?" said the stranger.

"Yes, I am the guest of Sir Raymond Faber," answered Dalaber.

"Beware then of wolves in sheep's clothing," said the man; "go not far from the house, if thou wouldst protect any within its walls. Remember you are warned."

The stranger turned away abruptly, and before Dalaber could question him, he had passed through a neighbouring gate, and was soon out of sight. Wondering much what this ominous encounter could mean, the young scholar returned to the manor-house, and was soon after rewarded by a visit from Evelyn, who placed a packet in his hands.

"This was brought for you even now, by a special messenger, who charged us to place it immediately in your hands," said Evelyn, as she watched her lover's face when the contents of the packet met his eye. The letter was brief, but peremptory; it was from Dalaber's uncle, and commanded his instant presence in a town some eight miles distant, on a matter of urgent importance.

"I must leave you, dearest Evelyn, but I trust only for a few hours," said Dalaber, forgetting, in the surprise and agitation of the moment, the warning which he had so lately received; "farewell, dearest one, and commend me to Sir Raymond, explaining my sudden departure."

In a few minutes Dalaber was in the saddle, and was riding with all haste towards the place of meeting. His horse was not accustomed to so hurried a journey and answered but ill to the impetuous spurring of his rider. The town, however, was reached at last, and Dalaber sought out the place of meeting, a small tavern in the outskirts of the town.

On entering this place a man in the dress of an ostler came forward, and on being questioned, told Dalaber that his uncle had not yet arrived, but that he was expected and that a room was ready for his reception. Thither the man conducted Dalaber, and no sooner had he entered the place than the door, which was massive and heavy, was securely barred on the outside. Dalaber's suspicions were aroused by this strange proceeding; he knocked repeatedly, and shouted to the servants of the inn, but no notice was taken of his commands or threats. The room was small and bare; the window, too, was at a considerable height from the ground, and securely protected by thick iron bars. Mad with excitement and anger, Dalaber attempted to wrench these bars from their fastenings, but they yielded not to his frantic efforts. Now the warning of the stranger came back to him with terrible distinctness; he had been deceived, the letter was a forgery, and while he was a helpless prisoner here, what horrors might not be in the act of perpetration at Greystone Manor! How fiercely did Dalaber reproach himself for his folly in leaving Evelyn unprotected in the power of the priest! The unfortunate lover buried his face in his hands and ground his teeth in impotent despair. Slowly the time lagged on. In vain did Dalaber renew his cries for assistance, no step approached the door. The window looked into a yard, but the bars allowed him but an indistinct view.

At length, when the young scholar was well-nigh exhausted with the agony of his suspense, a firm and determined step approached the door, the fastenings yielded, and a man wrapped in a sad-coloured cloak appeared. Dalaber was about to throw himself upon the intruder and make one desperate effort to escape, when the stranger said in a voice which was familiar to Dalaber's ears: "Hold! I am a friend!" He dropped his cloak aside and the scholar recognized his monitor of that very morning.

"Lose no time in words," said the stranger, "life and death hang on your despatch; I have two good horses below; follow me boldly; if needs be, draw your dagger and make a way."

The scholar clutched his weapon, and on being assured that they were destined for Greystone Manor he followed his guide in silence. Quickly reaching the front of the inn they found two horses in readiness. The stranger was already in the saddle, and Dalaber had one foot in the stirrup, when the ostler, or he who wore the ostler's dress, sprang forward and laying his hand on Dalaber's arm exclaimed: "Stop, my masters, I have not yet seen the warrant you spoke of."

The young scholar shook himself free of his captor, and striking him with his clenched hand sent him reeling backwards; then hastily mounting, the two set spurs to their horses and rode with all speed towards Greystone Manor.

As they dashed furiously along the roads, Dalaber questioned his companion as to his name, and how he became acquainted with his danger.

"I may not tell my name lightly," answered Dalaber's new friend, "suffice it that I know Father Vivian, and have watched him closely of late, knowing that some danger was afoot. I saw you leave Greystone to-day after my warning, and I guessed that treachery was intended ; so I followed after you as quickly as I could and used the priest's name to gain access to you. What he now intends you must know better than I."

"I know not, but I can only fear the worst," said Dalaber ; "but yonder are the trees round Greystone Manor, God grant that I may be in time to prevent all danger."

Panting, the foam-flecked horses halted at the entrance to the avenue. Dalaber hastened into the house, forgetting his companion, who followed him more slowly. Without a moment's thought, Dalaber hastened towards Evelyn's boudoir, as though he knew by intuition that there must be the scene of danger and crime, if anywhere. The door was reached, hastily thrown open, and the delicate crimson curtain torn aside by Dalaber's impatient hand. In the small and beautifully furnished chamber where Evelyn was accustomed to pass her time, the eager eyes of Dalaber beheld a scene which realized his worst fears. On a couch near the window lay Evelyn, pale and with closed eyes, her breathing faint and fluttering, and a deathly pallor like that of the grave itself overspreading her whole face, and the delicate hands which were clenched by her side.

Near the couch was a small table on which stood two goblets of richly-carved workmanship, both nearly empty ; and by this table, his hand still resting on one of the goblets, stood Paul Vivian. The face of the priest was almost as pale as that of Evelyn, his dark eyes looked all the more cavernous and evil-boding from the deep black marks beneath them, and his lips were drawn together with an expression which it was ill to look upon. Upon this scene Dalaber burst ; and stood for an instant motionless with astonishment ; then all the fiery blood of his naturally impulsive temperament boiled up, and darting upon the priest he grasped him with a vice-like hand, and exclaimed : "Villain ! murderer ! what have you done ?"

The goblet fell from Vivian's hand, his eyes blazed up for a moment with a hideous look of malice, as he exclaimed : "She is poisoned, poisoned, thou doting fool, and *thou* art betrayed !"

With a wild cry of sorrow and rage, Dalaber drew his dagger and was about to bury it in the breast of the priest, when Vivian suddenly clenched his hands with spasmodic force, gasped for a moment in speechless agony, and then fell back, as Dalaber released him, dead.

"Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord !" exclaimed Dalaber solemnly, as he cast the weapon aside, and raising his eyes from the convulsed features of the priest, he beheld his late companion standing in the doorway.

"Ha ! then the wolf is caught in his own toils !" said he, as he

entered the room ; "thank God, he has not been successful here!" and as he spoke, he leaned over the couch and raised Evelyn gently in his arms. "Fear not for the lady, good Master Dalaber, for so I hear you are called, she is but under the influence of a drug for the time, the faint will pass away."

Tenderly did Dalaber support Evelyn's form in his arms, and was still watching with eager joy the faint flush which was returning to her cheek, when the noise of many feet, and the murmur of many voices was heard without ; the curtain which covered the door was again drawn aside and a voice exclaimed : "In the King's name ! you are our prisoners."

Two officers in uniform, followed by a small body of soldiers, entered the room, and the elder of the two in command, laid his hand on the young scholar's shoulder and said : "Anthony Dalaber, in the King's name I arrest you."

The scene was a strange one now. The boudoir, marked by tokens of the elegant tastes which woman ever possesses, was filled with stern, grim-faced soldiers, whose swords and halberds trailed on the floor, hitherto pressed only by woman's dainty feet. By the couch lay the lifeless body of Father Vivian, his face terribly distorted by the potent poison which he had swallowed, instead of the harmless drug he had intended. And kneeling by that couch was Dalaber holding Evelyn's fair form, now fast returning to animation, in his arms.

"Dalaber, in God's name, what means this scene?" exclaimed the younger officer.

"Gerald Clare ! Have *you* then come to be my captor?" said Dalaber, as he recognized his former friend and schoolfellow ; "then truly my cup of bitterness is full."

"Listen awhile, and I will explain this scene," said Dalaber's late guide, in a deep, stern voice. "Twenty years ago yon dead man murdered my daughter, Alice Viner. He inveigled the innocent child into a convent, and then to revenge himself, because she was pure and holy as the angels, this priest preferred a cruel charge against her, and my child was by those wretches built up living in the solid wall. Since then he held me in his power by many ties ; but I swore to slay him, but let him live as yet, because his life was gold to me. Yonder he lies now, but my hand slew him not."

"Seize this fellow, he must be examined more closely," said the elder officer, when Aaron Viner ceased speaking ; but the mediciner, who had taken up his position near the open window, instantly sprang out, and with considerable agility succeeded in making good his escape.

Meantime the domestics of Sir Raymond Faber arrived, and took charge of Evelyn, who had now recovered her consciousness.

"Whither, and on what charge do you take me?" asked Dalaber, turning calmly to the two officers.

"We take you to London, Master Dalaber, and the charge, you must know already, is one of obstinate and continued heresy. There lies your

accuser mute enough, but his depositions and proofs are already received," said the elder of the officers, whom Gerald Clare addressed as Colonel Lynwood.

"Let me but write a few words to Sir Raymond Faber, and I am ready to attend you," answered the prisoner.

The permission was granted, and Dalaber was left under the charge of Lynwood and a guard, while the rest of the soldiers with Gerald Clare proceeded to search the scholar's apartment. Evelyn Faber, as yet, had hardly realized the true nature of the scene; now its terrible meaning was too evident.

"Do not separate us, I beseech you," she cried, and kneeling before the stern Colonel she continued earnestly, her voice broken by sobs: "Do not separate us. Where my love goes, thither will I go. I too believe as he believes; take me also to prison, to death if you will, but leave me not here desolate."

"Hush, lady, say not such things," said Colonel Lynwood gently, "these are not days in which it is safe to confess heresy. You will see Master Dalaber again, perchance too he may be pardoned."

"Evelyn," said the scholar, rising from the table where he had hastily written to Sir Raymond, "I have here written all this sad story as far as I know it. Give this paper to your father in his sick-bed, and say that Anthony Dalaber thanks and blesses him for his kindly hospitality. And for thee, my poor Evelyn, my own, my first and last love, farewell. We shall meet again, dearest; come to London with all haste, for I know my time will be short, they will not refuse thee admittance to my prison. There we shall meet, and there part till the last and sweetest meeting shall be, where God shall have wiped away all tears from our eyes. Colonel Lynwood, I am ready."

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

"Last scene of all
That ends this strange, eventful history."

SHAKESPEARE.

THE temper of the times was far alienated from mercy. It was a transition time, when the Reformers were looked on with feelings of unqualified horror; it was war to the death with the obstinate heretics who would not recant. Paul Vivian had laid his plans well. His designs on Evelyn were to have been fulfilled on the very day that Dalaber should be arrested at the country town, whither he had been decoyed. The soldiers who arrived there soon after Dalaber's escape, were directed to Greystone Manor, and proceeded thither with all haste, arriving as we have seen at a very critical moment. The wily priest had transmitted to the Council all the letters and papers which he had stolen from

Dalaber, with such other information as clearly proved that the recantation at Oxford had been no more than a forced conformity to authority.

It was with feelings of the bitterest regret that Gerald Clare accompanied Colonel Lynwood to Greystone Manor, for the young soldier loved Dalaber, although he was heartily angry at what he considered his friend's obstinate heresy. But his orders were peremptory, and he might not disobey. Dalaber's examination was brief. The stern inquisitors told him that he had forfeited all claim to mercy by his continual and determined pursuit of heretical doctrine, and by the mischief which he had done by disseminating those doctrines. Still they held out hopes of pardon if Dalaber would again, and this time truly, abjure his errors. But to this Dalaber replied with firm and unshrinking courage: "Once I was weak and a coward, in that I denied for a time that which I know to be true. Now though I die, I will die in that faith, and death I have in some sort deserved by my former weakness."

So spoke he, and was straightway condemned to suffer among the scenes of his former teachings and studies, to die where he had once abjured.

Before Dalaber was conveyed to Oxford, Evelyn Faber gained access, though with difficulty, to his prison.

Drop we the curtain softly over that sad picture, hearing only the soft agony of a woman's sobs, and a clear calm voice which says: "Weep not, my Evelyn. I die that I may live eternally, and I thank my God that my weak powers and my brief life have sufficed by His help to bring many into that hope of everlasting life. You too, my dearest one, have learnt to know God in His own blessed Book, and to look forward to the time when we shall meet far from the might of cruel men, and beyond the dark valley of the shadow of death."

* * * * *

In Oxford the November day was dark and mournful, the sky was gloomy as a funeral pall, the streets were silent with a breathless horror which seemed to dwell on all men. Loud and slow the great bell of Saint Frideswide's boomed over the city, and its ominous sound seemed to strike all who heard it with a nameless terror. At Carfax, where the four roads meet, in sight of the old tower of Saint Frideswide's, surrounded by the new buildings of Cardinal's College, a deed of cruelty which the law of that time called justice was being enacted.

Leaning against the fatal stake, his arms bound tightly across his breast, his hands still free enough to clasp a small oft-used Bible, stood Anthony Dalaber. Around him were a crowd of priests and monks who ceased not to trouble the prisoner's last moments with eager remonstrances and exhortations to recant and be reconciled to his Holy Mother Church. A few of the doctors were present in their scarlet robes, but they seemed ill to like the sight. The crowd around stood breathless.

Dalaber's face was pale and calm ; his gentle eyes looked upward, and he smiled once a peaceful, happy smile. Who knows what visions were opened to his eyes there on the very brink of eternity ? It may be that he saw already glimpses of that heaven towards which he had yearned so earnestly and directed so many erring ones.

" Good people," he said at length, when the fatal time had nearly arrived, " you see me here to die to-day for the true faith of Christ. I have been but four and twenty years in the world, and now I gladly renounce this life for a better. Believe ye who see me die to-day that a faith for which so many will gladly give up life is not the false belief you deem it. Hereafter, when these poor ashes of mine shall have been forgotten, this faith for which I am here to die shall be the faith of England, and I die content that I have seen the good work begun. Farewell, and may God give you more light, more truth, more charity."

He ended. Uprose the hungry, cruel flames, and so amid the blinding smoke and the scorching fire, the brave man passed away to his rest in that land where there is peace and comfort, and where sorrow and pain come no more for ever.

Scarcely a year after the autumn winds scattered those poor ashes as a memorial of faith and Christian courage, Evelyn Faber's gentle spirit sought her martyred lover, and passed from the sad scenes which had blighted her young life so early.

Even now in an old church-yard within the sound of Oxford's many bells, a mouldering monument in the time-worn wall bears the half obliterated name of EVELYN FABER.

In Oxford now a beautiful work of sculpture marks the spot where a few years later three Protestant Bishops passed through the fiery ordeal, but no monument is raised to him of whom we have been writing this brief history, to tell how purely he lived, and how heroically he died.

THE END.

A GLIMPSE OF SCOTCH OFFICIAL HISTORY OF ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY YEARS AGO.

BY WILLIAM LEWINS,
AUTHOR OF "HER MAJESTY'S MAILS."

AN insignificant department indeed was the Scotch Post-office at the beginning of the last century. To hold any office connected with it might be anything else, but it certainly was not lucrative. Two Postmasters-General retired in succession from the management quite beggared; one of them having, in fact, gone through a fortune which his wife had brought him in endeavouring to make the carrying of letters, at that period, a paying concern. In 1695, the Postmaster-generalship was put up to "public roup," but nobody would bid for it till it was subsidized. In 1710, on the settlement of the Post-office under Queen Anne, the Scotch branch of the general establishment began, as it were, to get its head above water, and a very few years after this date, a sum which continued to augment year by year, was returned to London as profit. It was in the year 1715 that this change commenced, as it was in that year that Mr. James Anderson was appointed to the chief control of the little undertaking. It is to materials which Anderson, who was a Writer to the Signet, and a man of considerable parts, has left behind him, that we are indebted for an interesting, because uncoloured, picture of the ways and means of a small Government department, and for a few revelations of certain arrangements which could scarcely fail to have had some bearing on the events occurring at the time. In several large volumes of his manuscript papers, preserved in the Advocate's Library in Edinburgh, and which, through the kindness of Mr. Halkett, the excellent principal librarian, I have carefully examined, there is a considerable number of Anderson's official letters which present some graphic accounts not only of the details of the Scotch Post-office, but of the state of the country during his tenure of office. Mr. Anderson was quite evidently a most painstaking manager, and it was very much owing to his clear-sighted ability that the first horse-posts were established in Scotland, between Edinburgh and Stirling. Up to his time there were none but walking-posts between Edinburgh and Glasgow. The Provost and magistrates of the latter city, hearing about the military horse-post to Stirling, strongly petitioned for a similar one to be put on to Glasgow, and principally owing to the arguments of the Postmaster-General, who thought it might be made to pay its expenses in the long run, the thing was tried. Though in these days of posts several times a day between the Eastern and Western Metropolis of Scotland, we may be inclined to smile at this conclusion, Mr. Anderson was wise in his generation, as his

letters sufficiently prove. The letters themselves are very remarkable for clearness, candour, and business-like precision, and like almost all the official correspondence of that period, very delightful reading. Anderson was familiar with the leading literary men of Edinburgh in his day, while his position brought him into contact with others, notably with Sir Richard Steele, then one of the Commissioners of Forfeited Estates, of which there was no lack at that time. All his subordinates seem to have regarded him with great esteem and the master was evidently proud of it, as the mere existence of the testimonials attest. For an instance, among many, the Postmaster of Forres, writing to some one in the office in 1717, says: "I am very proud to have the approbation of *such a person* as Mr. Anderson, and shall ever study to advance the public interests with all possible integrity." The trouble about little things, the circumstantiality, and the *naïveté* of the following letter from the chief to the Postmaster of Glasgow, his principal subordinate, could not well be surpassed. Acknowledging the receipt of some money, the Postmaster-General thus proceeds: "You have *ruled* your accounts very well, and may continue to do so till your other occasions lead you here, and not come on purpose—(we should think so, Mr. Anderson; fancy the terrible journey of three days from Glasgow to Edinburgh, to learn how his account book should be ruled!) I'm glad you like the printed directions. I hope the Postmistress of Kilmarnock will do her business well, and follow the good example of her neighbour of Irwin (Irvine); I assure you I am not fond of changes where persons are well affected and acceptable to the neighbourhood. I am glad to hear the poor distressed Postmaster of Paisley is recovering. He has very honestly paid all his bygone monthly bills since my entry." Had all his deputies been so prompt and honest as the poor distressed one at Paisley, we should have missed many of the dolorous epistles which, in turn, beg, threaten, and expostulate about their remissness in everything relating to money matters. Even the milk of human kindness in Anderson can be turned sour by repeated bad conduct and failures. He often addressed the Postmaster of Perth on his slowness in sending proper amounts of cash, and writes at last more sharply. The Postmaster seems, from one letter, to have paid a later account, but to have left a prior one outstanding. "When these proceedings are not cleared up it looketh not like business," and men less exact than the lawyer Postmaster-General will be inclined to agree with him. "I must again request you immediately to clear up all matters till Christmas last. There is scarce an account in the office that lies so much unsettled as yours." About the same time he sends orders to the Postmaster of Hamilton to dismiss one of the runners for repeated bad conduct. "Besides complaints made by the Duke's agent, others have complained both by word and writ, so cannot allow any such to continue in your service. I persuade myself that you will choose such a runner as will do his duty honestly and civilly."

When an official conducts himself well, he awards his praise with an

ungrudging pen. The Postmaster of Forres wrote to inform him how the Rebels in the north had laid violent hands on the mail, rifled all the bags, and carried off everything of value or importance. Anderson writes encouragingly: "Your account is very much to my satisfaction and answers the good character I had of you. . . . Be assured that your care and fidelity is very acceptable to me." When he can lessen the work or anxiety of a deserving deputy, he willingly does so. The Postmaster of Dundee writes that he was worked night and day in attending to his duties. Anderson takes the case into consideration, and "is pleased to inform" his subordinate that his bag (after 1716) shall be sent by the Aberdeen post-runners; and the Postmaster is delighted thereat: "I am very glad of it," says he, "it having been a great trouble to me, being obliged to sitt up three nights in the week, the post having come to this place so *untimously*."

Mr. Anderson was not above taking advice from residents near some contemplated post stage, and, at this rude period, such advice would not be without a certain value. He is directed, by the English Postmasters-General, to go to Portpatrick and Portnessock, to examine which of these places would be most convenient for a packet-boat between that part of Scotland and Ireland; upon which, he writes identical letters to the Lairds of Logan and Dunskey, telling them, that as he is desirous of being fully informed about those matters, "as to what will be best for His Majesty's service and the convenience of His lieges," he would be very glad to meet them on his arrival in their country, and take counsel with them. The former place was chosen, and it remains to this day a small packet station.

The following application, from a Mr. Walker, a gentlemen of Galashiels, is curious and illustrates well the straits which some districts were then, and long afterwards, put to, for want of any kind of postal accommodation. In this, and several other respects the lines of the present generation have certainly fallen in pleasant places, and, in social comforts, have come into a goodly heritage. "Being informed by Mr. Walker," runs a petition subscribed by several noblemen and gentlemen of the neighbourhood of Galashiels, "that he has a desire to procure your order for keeping the letter-box at his house, for the accommodation of the country about, we are of opinion that this will be a thing very convenient for the neighbourhood and will be very satisfied if you order it to be done." The memorialists seem to have agreed to set up and keep up the letter-box by subscription.

The Post-office official, from the earliest period, even up to the present time, seems never to have been burdened with too much pay. Hard work and slender remuneration is the refrain of many a complaint; but seeing, that in our own day, we may find the exact counterparts of some of the dolorous petitions here set down, I cannot think of troubling my readers with even a specimen. Mr. Anderson's own case, however, will bear telling, inasmuch as it gives the sequel to the foregoing, and

will be found to be not without a little historical interest. Despite the ready ability and very good services of the Scotch Postmaster-General, he was somewhat unceremoniously dismissed from office, in 1718, to make way for Sir John Inglis. Like all other officers in any responsible situation, and especially in such a place as that held by Anderson, he left in debt. No doubt, the whole of the arrears were owing to the Postmaster-General by distant deputies, notwithstanding which, however, he was still held accountable for them. In 1726 he had not only not satisfied the Government, but the Lords of the Treasury had ordered an execution upon his effects, and we now find him petitioning them to stop it, and to remit the amount of his debt. This petition, which thanks to Mr. Frank Scudamore, the able and estimable Assistant-Secretary of the British Post-office, I have been enabled to find among the Post-Office old records, enters at great length into the services which Anderson rendered, while at the head of affairs, he, "having done more in two years than had ever been done in twenty years previously"—a fact almost beyond question. Notwithstanding, he had been most inadequately paid for these services, "which was proved by his successor starting at £100 a year more salary than he had ever had." Not only had he had to struggle with an insufficient salary, but impaired health; indeed the troubles of the office during the Rebellion was enough to break down any constitution, for he then "contracted a rheumatism which to this day affects him."

To make good his claims, Anderson appends a "memorial," in which is given a list of the services he had rendered to the State, and it is this memorial which presents a vivid picture of the state of Scotland, and the official usage of the period. He attributed all his "extraordinary pains and penalties" to the "unnatural Rebellion," for, on its account, he was "almost hourly receiving and sending expresses from and to London, from and to his Majesty's camp, from and to the Commander-in-Chief and the different Lieutenants of all the counties in Scotland." After reciting how he organized horse posts to Stirling, to Glasgow, and to Portpatrick from the office at Edinburgh, he tells how he sent "special packet-boats by sea, and expresses by private trusty hands when the ordinary post-roads were not safe by the Rebels having sent scouts and spies to intercept packets and letters." He then tells how he did work which nothing but the exigencies of war or treason could excuse, namely, "by direction, *to open all letters* that came from or went to the places which the Rebels were in possession of, and to make what discoveries he could of persons and things of concern at that time;" and how he "did intercept letters of great consequence" which saved much blood and treasure—"all which is known, and can be well vouched." Nor was this all in that direction, inasmuch as he "was ordered by the Commander-in-Chief, and by the governors of the Post-office in London, to pick up and get what intelligence he could, wherein he bestowed not only much pains, but also was at expense *not proper to be brought into his office accounts*"—somewhat disreputable work we are

afraid, yet "very acceptable" to the men in power as is well-known, and for which he received "many letters of thanks." For did not the governors of the Post-office take his letters to the Court and read them to the King; some of which, moreover, "were so satisfying as to be printed by authority," while he was thanked by the Secretary of State? This was, of course, special service into which he was impressed, but the care and despatch with which he managed his more proper business "is sufficiently known to all his Majesty's officers who were employed in Scotland to suppress that unnatural Rebellion." Finally, he urged that the close attention and secrecy, "so absolutely necessary," had broken his health, inasmuch "as he can with great truth affirm that for months he never had two hours of uninterrupted rest or quiet by day or night." Whether the authorities pressed the case is not shown by the records of the period. Surely they would not, seeing that no one deserved worse of his Majesty's Rebels, and none better of the Government he served.

After Anderson's deposition, and far into last century, correspondence in Scotland was anything but secure. In 1838 the Earl of Ilay (afterwards Duke of Argyle), writing to Sir Robert Walpole, who was no better than he should have been in this very respect while English Secretary of State, says: "I am forced to send this letter by a servant twenty miles out of the way, where the Duke of Argyle's attorney cannot handle it; and I enclose it to William Stewart." Ten years afterwards, the Earl succeeded his brother as Duke of Argyle, and with the dukedom acquired supreme control in Scotland, when he seems to have done just as his brother did before him. The Commander of the Forces writes to the Secretary of State in 1748: "My letters are opened at the Edinburgh Post-office, and this is done by order of the noble Duke (Argyle) in order to know the secret sentiments of the people of his grace; if this practice is not stopped, the ministers cannot hope for any real information." Mr. Robert Chambers writing his "Domestic Annals of Scotland," in 1856, and referring to this latter circumstance, says with great truth: "Considering the present sound administration of the entire national institution by the now living inheritor of that peerage, one cannot without a smile hear Chalmers in his 'Caledonia,' tell how the Edinburgh Post-office, in the reign of the Second George, '*was infested by two Dukes of Argyle.*'"

Of the change which a hundred years has wrought in this great institution there is no need to speak; correspondence has been long held inviolable by the authorities, though the law in certain cases, allows a *surveillance* over it; letters are now carried not only safely but expeditiously, and to this the humblest individual up to the Premier Peer in Scotland could testify. I conclude with two facts which in themselves speak volumes. In 1862, not a single person was convicted of letter-stealing in Scotland. The Registrar-General, writing the Scotch Report last year, tells us that there is not an instance on record of a deed intrusted to the Post-office since 1840 "having been lost or even delayed for an hour."

SALUTATIONS NEARER HOME.*

It must be admitted that the ignorant and semi-barbarous natives of the East exceed in courtliness of manner our own rough-spun countrymen. I say courtliness, not courtesy—they are two different things. The Orientals appear to have retained a traditionary politeness and ceremoniousness of behaviour that has survived the eminent qualities which once made them masters of the world. What reverences, salaams, and prostrations do they offer to one another! Compare the conduct of the roughest-looking Russian peasant, who is more than half an Oriental, when he meets a friend or enters a house, with the demeanour of a native of some of our villages in England. The former takes off his cap to his friend, inquires after his health, and never enters a stranger's house without making the sign of the cross. The undemonstrative Englishman, on the contrary, makes no sign of any kind, keeps his hat on his head in his neighbour's house, seldom speaks till he is spoken to, and then addresses his remark rather to the state of the weather than to the condition of his friend's health. In the worst samples of this gruff characteristic it contracts and intensifies itself to a degree of savage moroseness that has rather unfairly been fastened on us as a national peculiarity. Thackeray, in his lecture on Dean Swift, more than insinuates this when he discusses the Dean's claim to be considered an Irishman: "I think I would rather," he says, "have had a potato and a friendly word from *Goldsmith*, than have been beholden to the Dean for a guinea and a dinner. He insulted a man as he served him, made women cry, guests look foolish, bullied unlucky friends, and flung his benefactions into poor men's faces. No; the Dean was no Irishman,—no Irishman ever gave but with a kind word and a kind heart." The implied slur here cast upon our national character Thackeray afterwards well redeemed in presenting to us such noble types of the English gentleman as Colonel Newcome and Major Dobbin.

Many of the forms of salutation existing in various parts of the world exhibit a striking similarity in one respect; they have originally assumed the form of a prayer offered by the saluter on behalf of his friend's safety, health, or prosperity. This idea of prayer in the salutation gives place in the course of time to the expression of a simple wish, even where the precatory form has been preserved. "God be with you!" becomes curtailed to "Good-bye!"—and "Adieu!" is pronounced with about as much sense of its real meaning as "Ta ta!"

This word "adieu," the parting salute of our Gallic neighbours, bears

* Continued from the October number.

the stamp of their national religion, which has produced a more durable impression on the manners of the people than on their sentiments. "*Comment vous portez vous ?*"—How do you carry yourself?—is eminently characteristic of the French attention to outward deportment and externals in general, especially when contrasted with the intimate accosting of the Englishman, "How are you?" which seems to dive straight into one's innermost man.

Remark the German "*Wie gehts ?*"—How goes it?—not, how do *you* go? but, how goes *it*?—not a personal existence, but a philosophical abstraction, natural in a people given up to speculation and metaphysics. The simple cordiality of German manners is expressed in the "*Leben Sie wohl !*"—Live well? and in "*Guten appetit !*"—Good appetite before meat and good digestion after it.

In lively opposition to the stationary housekeeping character of the German salutations, is the "How travel ye?" of the Dutch, which speaks volumes of Indian voyages and maritime discovery. The same contrast is observable where it does not seem so historically just, between the Danes and the Swedes. The former say "*Lev-vel !*"—an injunction which, by the bye, their good butter, beef, poultry, etc., enable them faithfully to fulfil. The Swedes say "*Far-väl !*"—Travel well!—as though we had not heard more of Danish sea-kings than of Swedish navies! A very characteristic salutation of the Swedes is "How can you rise?"—Are you strong and vigorous?

The simple manners of the Norwegians exhibit themselves in their salutations. On rising from table the company shake hands, adding "*Tak for med*"—Thanks for the meal; or "*Vel bekomme ?*"—May it do you good! and even the infant is taught to make its reverence to its mother. "*Tak for idete !*"—Thanks for the pleasure I had from your company the last time we met!—is a universal compliment in Norway, and one of such refined allusion that it must puzzle strangers unaccustomed to its use.

The Slavonic race belongs to the yellow branch of the man-tree. It is submissive, governable, and imitative. It exhibits its Oriental origin in the salutation "*Mir !*"—Peace!—corresponding to the Eastern "*Shalum !*" In like manner is the fatalism, which forms so strong a feature in the Russian character, apparent in the address, "*Kak pojivaste ?*"—How do you live on?—bearing a widely different signification from "How are you?" The parting salute is a striking mark of a people subdued and oppressed; it is "*Prostchai !*"—Pardon! Similar in character are the salutations, "*Rab vash !*"—your slave! "*Khalop !*"—your serf! Terms of endearment are unusually numerous in the Russian language: My little soul! My little pigeon! My little apple! My bright little emerald! are some of the tender epithets with which a Russian strews his discourse when in good humour. There is something very peculiar in his apologetic response to a beggar when he has nothing to give him, "*Ni Prognyaivitis !*"—Don't be angry. It must have originated in the

superstitious dread of a poor man's anger, such as the Indians feel with regard to idiots. Another form of address to beggars—"Bog stoboi!"—is a singular instance of the degradation a phrase undergoes by constant and familiar use. Originally and literally it means a blessing—"God be with thee!" Its present use is to give a hasty and rather contemptuous dismissal, and the tone in which it is delivered seems to say: "May"—another individual—"take you!"

The Poles show their Slavonic origin in the salutation, "*Do nog upadam!*"—To your feet we fall! There is a characteristic epitome of the national levity of disposition in another Polish greeting, "Art thou gay?"—while a third salutation sounds like part of a canticle, the visitor greeting his host with the words, "The Lord God be praised!" to which the other makes reply, "For ever and ever, Amen!"

Another family of the human race subject to Russia, the Esthonians, have salutations peculiar to themselves. "*Jumal ime!*"—In the name of God!—is an expression frequently used by them. The word *Jumal* sounds more like the name of a Pagan deity, than that of the true God. A very original compliment or expression of civility among them is "*Terre launa!*"—employed in the sense of "Good day!" but meaning literally "Good dinner!"—a wish decidedly the reverse of spiritual.

The indolent *far niente* spirit that has long prevailed in Italy finds a fit embodiment in the languidly-dropped syllables, "*Come state?*"—How do you stand? while the stately dignity of the Spaniard is content with wishing you "A serene evening!" and "kissing your worship's hands." "Your honour," or "Your worship," is never omitted in an address from a Spaniard, although the original two words, "*Vuestra Mercedes,*" are abridged to three syllables, "*Ustedes.*" The response of the Spaniard to an ordinary salutation bears on it the stamp of Spain's golden age, when she was the most glorious, enterprising, and wealthy country in the world, when she had Columbus and Isabella and the great Captain and a host of heroes. Literally translated it is, "All proceeds without novelty." It shows a mind strung up for the reception of great news, a mind accustomed to great events; and in affirming "Nothing new to-day," it seems almost to declare "No new worlds discovered to-day."

"Hoo's a' wi' ye?"—the comprehensive inquiry of our brother, the canny Scot—asks after the condition, not only of your health, but of your family, your business, and your pocket. In vivid contrast to this prosaic salutation is the enthusiastic and imaginative greeting of the genuine Irishman: "Long life to your honour! May you make your bed in glory!"—two wishes that would seem, Irish-like, to contradict one another; for if we interpret the latter wish by the light of Pat's well-known love of fighting, the "bed of glory" alluded to must be the one on which a good blow from the shillelagh would place you.

Our parting salutations, "Farewell!" and "Good-bye!" would seem to come from two distinct sources, the former being Scandinavian, the latter Saxon. The change from "God" to "Good," in our greetings,

must have been early ; for in the antique phrase "Give you good den !" the sacred name is entirely suppressed, the salutation having originally been "May God give you good even !"

Foreigners frequently speak with a kind of reproach of the coldness with which Englishmen greet one another. The dearest friends after long separation meet again with a simple shake hands. We know that this undemonstrativeness does not indicate a want of true affection, but the Germans and most other continental nations are astonished by such cool behaviour. They rush into one another's arms with an appearance of frantic joy that nobody can mistake. They kiss their relatives and friends, their male as well as their female cousins, with indiscriminating ardour.

The custom of saluting, not the gentlemen, but the ladies of the house as a mere common act of courtesy, once prevailed in this country to an extent that marked it as peculiarly an English institution. The fashion appears to have gone out about the time of the Restoration, when the French code of politeness, low bows, and ceremonious postures, superseded it. From a letter in the "Spectator," signed "Rustic Sprightly," it would appear that its abandonment did not give universal satisfaction. John Bunyan, however, is quite severe on the practice. In his "Grace Abounding," he says plainly : "The common salutation of women I abhor : it is odious to me in whomsoever I see it. When I have seen good men salute those women that they have visited, or that have visited them, I have made my objections against it ; and when they have answered that it was but a piece of civility, I have told them that it was not a comely sight. Some, indeed, have urged the holy kiss ; but then, I have asked them, why they made barks ?—why they did salute the most handsome, and let the ill-favoured ones go !"

This last touch of nature stamps the extract with the air of reality that honest John gave to all his writings.

PAUL ROMAINÉ

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SAINT FRIDESWIDE'S."

(Continued from Vol. V., p. 640.)

CHAPTER VIII.

BIRDS OF A FEATHER.

A LONG stretch of dank, desolate marsh land; gray mists eve creeping up from the neighbouring river, and hanging in thin clouds over the green, oozy pools, and sodden patches of grass-land, bringing with them shuddering agues, and endless, nameless distempers; no trees, save here and there a few stunted willows which feed on the green corruption of the waters; no life, save a few scared and timid wild-fowl; no sound, save their harsh cry, the mournful sighing of the wind, and the discordant clamour of the marsh frog: such is the scene. It is among the Essex marshes, many miles from any town or large village; the Thames glides along by the edge of this dreary spot, and here and there, on the river's brink, stand old rotting posts, which have faced the rough blasts of many a winter's night, and which once bore the ghostly burden of pirates hung in chains, as a terror to the river-haunting folk. There was little sign of life in these parts; a few scattered hamlets here and there, a wretched tumble-down ale-house now and then on the river's bank, frequented by lighter-men and long-shore-men, and very queer characters beside, who live mysteriously among the ooze and mud of the river. There was one large house, however, not far from the water-side, where stood a wharf used as a landing-place for the house. It was a strange, dreary place, where few people would have come from choice, and indeed it was far out of the ken of most people, being best known to the regular frequenters of the river, and they called the house Gaston's Folly.

It was drawing towards evening, towards a wet, stormy evening to all appearance, when a boat was pulled by two men to the ruinous wharf which I have mentioned. One man left the boat immediately it touched the green slimy piles of the wharf, and wrapping himself carefully in a large cloak so as best to shelter himself from the coming storm, he said to his companion, who seemed a common waterman, "Get the boat under the lee of the shore and wait till I come back."

"All right, master," answered the man, in a thick hoarse voice, "the rain's a coming on hard, you'd best make haste."

The man in the cloak said no more, but leaving the wharf, proceeded rapidly along a rough stony path which led up to the house. It was

must have been early ; for in the antique phrase "Give you good den !" the sacred name is entirely suppressed, the salutation having originally been "May God give you good even !"

Foreigners frequently speak with a kind of reproach of the coldness with which Englishmen greet one another. The dearest friends after long separation meet again with a simple shake hands. We know that this undemonstrativeness does not indicate a want of true affection, but the Germans and most other continental nations are astonished by such cool behaviour. They rush into one another's arms with an appearance of frantic joy that nobody can mistake. They kiss their relatives and friends, their male as well as their female cousins, with indiscriminating ardour.

The custom of saluting, not the gentlemen, but the ladies of the house as a mere common act of courtesy, once prevailed in this country to an extent that marked it as peculiarly an English institution. The fashion appears to have gone out about the time of the Restoration, when the French code of politeness, low bows, and ceremonious postures, superseded it. From a letter in the "Spectator," signed "Rustic Sprightly," it would appear that its abandonment did not give universal satisfaction. John Bunyan, however, is quite severe on the practice. In his "Grace Abounding," he says plainly : "The common salutation of women I abhor : it is odious to me in whomsoever I see it. When I have seen good men salute those women that they have visited, or that have visited them, I have made my objections against it ; and when they have answered that it was but a piece of civility, I have told them that it was not a comely sight. Some, indeed, have urged the holy kiss ; but then, I have asked them, why they made balks ?—why they did salute the most handsome, and let the ill-favoured ones go !"

This last touch of nature stamps the extract with the air of reality that honest John gave to all his writings.

PAUL ROMAINÉ.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SAINT FRIDESWIDE'S."

(Continued from Vol. V., p. 640.)

CHAPTER VIII.

BIRDS OF A FEATHER.

A LONG stretch of dank, desolate marsh land; gray mists eve creeping up from the neighbouring river, and hanging in thin clouds over the green, oozy pools, and sodden patches of grass-land, bringing with them shuddering agues, and endless, nameless distempers; no trees, save here and there a few stunted willows which feed on the green corruption of the waters; no life, save a few scared and timid wild-fowl; no sound, save their harsh cry, the mournful sougling of the wind, and the discordant clamour of the marsh frog: such is the scene. It is among the Essex marshes, many miles from any town or large village; the Thames glides along by the edge of this dreary spot, and here and there, on the river's brink, stand old rotting posts, which have faced the rough blasts of many a winter's night, and which once bore the ghostly burden of pirates hung in chains, as a terror to the river-haunting folk. There was little sign of life in these parts; a few scattered hamlets here and there, a wretched tumble-down ale-house now and then on the river's bank, frequented by lighter-men and long-shore-men, and very queer characters beside, who live mysteriously among the ooze and mud of the river. There was one large house, however, not far from the water-side, where stood a wharf used as a landing-place for the house. It was a strange, dreary place, where few people would have come from choice, and indeed it was far out of the ken of most people, being best known to the regular frequenters of the river, and they called the house Gaston's Folly.

It was drawing towards evening, towards a wet, stormy evening to all appearance, when a boat was pulled by two men to the ruinous wharf which I have mentioned. One man left the boat immediately it touched the green slimy piles of the wharf, and wrapping himself carefully in a large cloak so as best to shelter himself from the coming storm, he said to his companion, who seemed a common waterman, "Get the boat under the lee of the shore and wait till I come back."

"All right, master," answered the man, in a thick hoarse voice, "the rain's a coming on hard, you'd best make haste."

The man in the cloak said no more, but leaving the wharf, proceeded rapidly along a rough stony path which led up to the house. It was

an ugly, wretched-looking place. The grey walls were stained with damp, and in many places the plaster and even the bricks and stonework had fallen to pieces. Most of the windows were fastened up with shutters, and others were defended by rusty iron bars. The door of this mansion was of thick oak, studded with large nails, and apparently capable of resisting all attempts at a forcible entry. The visitor from the river reached this door and rang a loud peal at the bell, which sounded discordantly amid the general stillness of the spot. A small window overhead was opened, and an old man of most unprepossessing appearance looked out at the visitor, and being probably satisfied with his scrutiny, he presently came down and unfastened a number of ponderous bolts, and finally opened the door and admitted the visitor into a dark stone hall, damp and cheerless, like the outside of the house.

"Where's the master, Davy?" asked the new arrival of the old man.

"In the stone parlour, sir; you'll know the way, I'm thinking?"

The other nodded, and crossing the hall, and a short passage at the end of it, he opened a door and entered a room, where were a fire, and a man, sitting at a table.

"How are you, my friend?" asked the new comer of the man by the table.

"It's you, is it? Oh, I'm well enough," was the answer given in a tone which sounded more like a growl than a human voice.

The visitor threw off his cloak and hat, and drew a chair near to the fire and opposite the man by the table. This visitor was a tall well-grown man, between forty and fifty, well-dressed in dark coloured clothes, and not ill-looking. His face was smoothly shaven; it was a pale, thin face, with a long narrow mouth and very thin lips, which showed the teeth when their owner spoke or smiled. These teeth were very white and sharp, and gave the man an expression singularly like a wild beast when he smiled, which he did very often. His eyes were keen, and he had a way of looking in a furtive manner from under his eye-lids such as a cat does when she is watching the first gambols of the mouse which she intends to make her victim.

The other man was a short, thick-set, bull-necked personage, with a face almost concealed by a forest of grizzly unkempt beard and moustache. His grey eyebrows were of immense size, and shrouded two fierce-looking, restless eyes; his complexion was burnt of a deep brown as though the man had been much abroad, and he wore a velvet skull-cap on his head. The furniture of the room was of a very incongruous character, being partly costly and partly of the meanest kind. There was a handsome mirror over the fire-place, and common chairs, some broken, about the room. The table was large and good, and the carpet of the finest texture, yet the walls were bare, and a huge lumbering bureau stood in one corner, a piece of furniture which few would have rescued from the treasuries of Wardour Street.

"You've come quickly enough this time," said the owner of the

beard in the same growling voice, as he took a large hookah from his mouth and expelled a cloud of smoke.

"I understood your message was urgent, Gaston," answered his companion in a voice whose singularly well modulated tones contrasted strongly with the growl of Gaston.

"Well, so it was. I want to talk to you about things—I mayn't have many more chances to do it."

"My good friend," said his soft-spoken companion, "don't talk like that; you mustn't get these ideas into your head."

"What do you know about my ideas?" said Gaston gruffly. "Look here, Philip Hyllyer, it's of no use you're trying to deceive me, because I'm not to be fooled so easily. You'd be precious glad if I knocked under to-morrow, ay, or to-night either."

Hyller smiled at this speech, a quiet cat-like expression came over his face, and he showed his white teeth to perfection. "Now really, Gaston, you're too bad," he said, rubbing his long thin hands together softly; "you shouldn't say those sort of things, you know. I'm not by any means the mercenary man you take me for. Of course, it's of no use denying that I have expectations from you, our agreement makes that certain; but as to wishing you to go, my good friend, the idea is horrible, really horrible."

"Very horrible, no doubt," said Gaston from the depths of a cupboard, whence he was bringing a case of wine and spirits, and from which both men helped themselves. "It's very horrible, I daresay," he continued, resuming his seat, "but it's true for all that. Do you think Rob Gaston is such a fool as not to know you, Hyllyer, after all we've been through together? No, no, never lie to the devil, now, its of no use. But this is all nothing, I've one or two things to say to you."

"I am all attention," said Philip Hyllyer, smiling at the fire.

"Well then," continued Gaston. "I've had my warnings lately pretty clear, and I'm on the move. My ship's settling down by the head pretty fast, I can tell. It might have been put off a bit longer if I hadn't played the devil with my vitals in other times, and if I wasn't obliged from motives of prudence to live in this infernal rat-hole; but now it's too late, and as I said before I'm on the move fast."

Any third person who might have watched this scene would have noticed a singular expression, a kind of cold glitter in the eyes of Hyllyer, as Robert Gaston repeated this remark: it might have been the reflection of the fire, into which Hyllyer still gazed, but the glitter was undoubtedly in his eyes.

"I said I've had my warnings," said Gaston, going on with his speech in a growling, defiant tone of voice, "and what's more I've had a prick of conscience."

"Of *what*!" interrupted Hyllyer, smiling with all his teeth, and opening his eyes with real or feigned surprise.

"Of conscience, don't you hear, man?" growled Gaston still more deeply; "I've got such a thing, though its been rusty for a long term of years; and if it comes to comparison, I'm not sure that I wouldn't sooner have my own conscience, rusty as it is, than yours, Hyllyer, which is, I daresay, as bright as a new penny; but then, you see, I never was a good hand at hypocrisy."

"Never mind that," said Hyllyer, with more anxiety in his tone than he had yet evinced; "what has your conscience been troubling you about now?"

"About my relations, the only ones I have in the world," answered Gaston. "They're poor now, and come down to nothing, and I might do them some good with my money; it would be a satisfaction before I go to do *one* good act. *This* money is all honestly come by at any rate."

This speech produced a most evident effect on Hyllyer; he changed colour from pale to ghastly grey, and his eyes gleamed with a fire which could never have been excited by feelings of a kindly nature.

"Well, Gaston, you have surprised me," he said, after a moment's pause. "So you are wishing to enrich the people who treated you with contempt, and disowned your relationship? On my word, a noble return!"

"*He* is dead, he it was that disowned me," said Gaston; "I swore never to forgive *him*, nor did I; but my quarrel is not with his wife or children, and they are poor."

"Yes, and doubtless as proud as they are poor," answered Hyllyer, "ready to disown the scapegrace cousin who ran away to sea, and who did certain other things which I need not mention."

"Well, they wouldn't have much to be proud of in me now, so I can hardly blame them."

"But listen, Gaston, you can't do this mad thing without doing me a gross injustice. You know our agreement, you know your promise."

"Well, and isn't the will made in your favour and in the lawyer's hands," demanded Gaston.

"True, my good friend, but you alarmed me by talking of providing for these relations, these Romaines, and then you know you must make a new will."

"And why shouldn't I?" demanded Gaston, looking his companion full in the face."

"I will tell you why, Robert Gaston," replied Hyllyer, smiling more than ever, and speaking softly as was his wont; "I will tell you why, because I know too much, my very excellent friend, because I know certain little incidents in your life which would, if disclosed, prevent your finishing your days (which we will hope may be many) in peace and freedom. Certain little facts connected with the Bank of Melbourne for instance, and during your first visit to the gold-fields. That is why you must not alter your will, my good friend."

"And you really mean that you'd betray me, rake up the sins of my past life after years of solitary misery have been endured. You mean that you'd do all this, and betray me, Hyllyer?" Gaston said this in a tone in which bitter scorn mingled with his usual roughness.

"Betray, my dear friend, is an unpleasant word, a very unpleasant word," replied Hyllyer in his soft insinuating way; "pray don't use any such term in reference to the matter. Nothing of the sort will be necessary, I am certain. You won't make a new will in behalf of these proud beggars who would spurn you from their door if you sought them."

"Spurn me! They would not, they dare not; and yet after all it's more than probable that they might. Well, Hyllyer, you're pretty safe, I think, to inherit Rob Gaston's money yet; and, by Heaven, you won't have long to wait; I felt a pang then right through my heart; a few more of them will finish me, I know." He was very pale as he spoke, and leaned on the table for support.

Hyller watched him with a look of great interest, as a surgeon might an interesting case, and then said: "Never think of dying, Gaston, it's not a pleasant thought, and had better be kept out of sight as long as possible. Now I think we have said all we have to say, so I'll be off."

"You'd better stay all night, it's a wet evening."

"No, thank you, I've business to do in town before I go to bed; I shall see you perhaps to-morrow; good night." So saying, Philip Hyllyer left the room, and as he passed through the front door which was opened for him by the old man of unpleasant aspect, he said to him: "Take care of the master, Davy, he's far from well, I'm afraid." And so he passed out into the night, and reaching the wharf roused the hoarse boatman with a loud whistle. The boatman, as he pulled up the river with his companion, was hoarser than ever, yet he and Hyllyer seemed to have much to say to each other. Landing where life had once more resumed its reign, Hyllyer took his place in a late train and was carried off to London.

Robert Gaston was the first cousin of Paul Romainé's father. Not devoid of talent as a young man, he had, however, rejected all attempts at a regular education, and after going the round of vice to which his chosen companions introduced him, he was disowned by his family and ran away to sea. In Australia, to which place he came in the course of his wanderings, Gaston formed an acquaintance with Philip Hyllyer, who had lost a good situation in a bank owing to some suspected fraud, which, however, was never proved. These two men entered into a kind of partnership, and went through scenes which I have neither the means nor the taste to describe. Somehow it always happened that Gaston was implicated in all acts of more than common risk, and that Hyllyer, the contriver of the scheme, was innocent of its execution.

In this and other ways Hyllyer had gained an ascendancy over the

mind of his partner, which had steadily increased till their parting in Australia. Both had gone to the gold-fields, and had been successful, Hyllyer especially so. He determined therefore to return to England with his gold, but Gaston chose to remain behind, and try his luck again. They parted, and I suppose Gaston hoped never to see his dangerous and smooth-spoken friend again. In his next venture Gaston, though he avoided all dishonest acts, was most successful, and was enabled to return to England possessed of considerable wealth. He had not long been in England when Hyllyer discovered him, told him that he had lost his own fortune in unsuccessful speculations, and, moreover, hinted darkly to Gaston that he had better keep himself secluded, as there were rumours abroad in England which might be unpleasant if they grew to anything but rumours. It is probable that Hyllyer deceived Gaston in this way in order to keep him out of the hands of others. At his advice Gaston built the dreary house by the river's side, which the river-folk christened Gaston's Folly, and lived there quite secluded, seldom going far from home, and often visited by Hyllyer who lived in London. By working partly on his kindlier feelings and partly on his fears, Hyllyer had lately induced Gaston to make a will in his favour and had seen it safely lodged with a solicitor; in fact, with a former partner of Mr. Slingsby, with whom that gentleman occasionally communicated now. Such being the state of Mr. Philip Hyllyer's prospects, and his present means of living being neither very certain nor very reputable, it is not surprising that he was greatly discomposed by Gaston's conversation, more especially with that part of it which referred to his conscience and to his projected alteration of his will. In spite too of Gaston's last words, Hyllyer was by no means assured that a new will would not be made. "The fool will get ill, and then get another prick of conscience, or some such nonsense, and then good-bye to my fortune, but this must be seen too at once." Such were Philip Hyllyer's thoughts as the night train bore him to London.

CHAPTER IX.

COMING UP.

CHRISTMAS time was past. The yule log had burned away into grey ashes; the holly and misletoe, lately so green and fresh, were withered and curled up; the Christmas cheer had all been eaten, the healths had all been drunk, and the family gatherings which the season had called together had once more been broken up, and the relations and friends, the dear uncles and cousins and married sisters, and the poor relations, not very dear always, were scattered once again to the four quarters of the globe.

Such being the state of things, Paul Romaine found himself at

Paddington one bleak afternoon in January, ready to go up to Oxford by the next train. He had lately arrived by another line from Inglefell, and he was stamping his numbed feet to warm them a little, when his name was pronounced close at hand, and he found that Percy Cheyne was by his side. Paddington station, perhaps the most quiet and orderly of all the metropolitan termini, save one, presents an animated scene at the commencement of the Oxford term. Men are hurrying on to the platform generally a few moments before the train starts, followed by obsequious porters, who carry rainbow-coloured railway rugs, bundles of walking sticks and riding whips, hat boxes, and similar items of male luggage. Here another porter, also obsequious, for he expects half-a-crown in spite of the Company's prohibition, is dragging a shaggy Scotch terrier, to his destined box; he lodges his unwilling charge in his rather close place of retirement, and touches his cap suggestively. How well do Oxford men know that touch of the cap; in Oxford everybody is doing it all day to every University man, and it means invariably one thing—money! The scout does it at every meeting in the quad, and he is looking for his perquisites and his terminal "tips." The porter does it, and he expects to be remembered. Hangers-on, messengers, postmen, all do it, and all have an eye to "tips," sooner or later.

But we are on the Paddington platform; let us not wander away as yet. You may see one or two little domestic scenes here occasionally, but not often. Yonder is a freshman, "an undoubted case of freshman," as Percy Cheyne remarks to Paul, as he directs his attention to a thin youth with a very stiff collar, who is trying to look at his ease, and isn't succeeding a bit, while the stout gentleman by his side who is fidgety about the luggage is, as Percy also observes, "an incontestable case of tender parient." Yonder is a mother saying good-bye to her son, and no remarks are made on *that* incident. Oxford men are ever gentlemen as a body, and ever respect the sacred name of mother which is too often profaned elsewhere. There is little or no talking of "the old woman," in reference to her to whom most honour and love are due, at Oxford. Such phrases may suit the knife-board of an omnibus laden with "city gents," but they will scarcely pass current by the Isis.

But enough of this: the bell clangs; "Any more going on for Oxford, Ox—ford!" shouts the guard; shrieks the whistle, and away go half a hundred men or more to the city of Colleges.

Paul Romaine enjoyed Oxford far more in this, his second term, as every one does. He was beginning to know a few men whom he liked, Cheyne and Challoner especially; he was no longer a freshman, and was dropping down into the ways of the place easily and comfortably. The weather too was mild and fine for the season, and Paul could daily resort to the river, and as he was, like most Eton men, an excellent oar, his skill soon attracted the notice of the St. Chrys'tom's crew as they were dressing in their barge.

"I say M'Anstie," said Anderson to the stroke of the College Eight,

"look at that man there in the skiff, that's Romainé, the fellow I was telling you about; he's a pretty skuller, isn't he?"

"By Jove, he's as good a skuller as I know," answered M'Anstie; "I ought to have spoken to him, we'll have him in the Torpid this term; he's coming in now, I'll speak to him."

The Torpid, I must tell you, is the second eight-oared boat of a College. As Paul stepped out of his skiff, he encountered M'Anstie, who plunging at once *in medias res*, said: "Oh, Romainé, would you like to be in the Torpid this term, because we shall be very glad to have you?"

"Do you think I can pull well enough?" asked Paul.

"Of course, you can pull a precious deal better than many of them; they're going down now, are you too tired to go with them?"

"Oh, dear no, you can see if I shall do, you know."

A man was quickly displaced by M'Anstie, and Paul took his seat with no little satisfaction among the crew of the St. Chrys'tom's Torpid. M'Anstie was one, going with them to "coach" the crew, a duty for which his skill and strength as an old oar well qualified him.

"Are you going to steer, Mac?" asked one of the crew, "it's too bad to have to pull your great limbs about."

"Never mind that, you can't do without me to bully you a bit," replied M'Anstie, settling himself in his seat, and taking the tiller-ropes in his hands. Away they went, with a pretty regular swing, considering that the crew was only young and early in practice. M'Anstie kept his critical eye steadily on Paul, as he issued his orders in a sharp, quick tone to the crew. "Steady, Two! More forward, Six! Time, time, Three; mind the time, Three!" So on till they came nearly to Iffley Lock, and then, when M'Anstie had shouted "Easy all!" and they were resting on their oars, he said to Paul: "Well pulled, Four, you'll do first-rate."

Others of the crew complimented Paul ere they pulled back to the barge, and he was quite a triton among the minnows by the time they left the boat.

"Training begins next week, and you must begin then, Romainé; there's no doubt you'll be in the crew. No pastry, mind, in hall, and bed at ten, or I shall be down upon you." So spoke M'Anstie, and the Torpid heard but to obey, for they had a race to win, and everything must be endured to ensure success.

And so Paul went into training, no very severe trial for a regular and abstemious man, but still unpleasant as all compulsory things are. During this time Paul had his eyes opened to the existence of certain doings in College which showed certain perpetrators of said doings in the very worst possible light. "The Phlegethon Club" had largely increased its members lately, several fast freshman had joined it this term, and it had become more noisy, more drunken, and more giving to playing unlimited loo than ever. There were rumours about the

College of the wild scenes enacted on club nights, and it was darkly hinted that the Dean had his eye, or I should rather say his *eye-glass*, on these black sheep and was only waiting for a member to be taken *in flagrante delicto* to open the vials of his wrath on the whole body.

"You've got a nice sort of club here," said Challoner, one evening as he sat in Paul's rooms; "it's getting talked about all over the University; you don't belong to it, I suppose?"

"Not quite," said Paul; "much obliged to you for supposing that I might. The fact is, it is a rascally bad concern, and they're a precious bad set in it."

"So I should imagine, without any deep exercise of the mental faculties," replied Challoner. "We've got no end of clubs in Christ Church, but I never heard of anything quite so brimstonian in its tendencies as this Phlegethon affair of yours. Don't the Dons smell the sulphur?"

"Well, I fancy the Dean smells a sulphurous rat somewhere about; the men will get beans if they *are* spotted, won't they?"

"Very little doubt about that, they'll be sent down at least, especially if the stories are true about certain little tricks at cards popular amongst them."

"Well, I'm very sorry, for there's a man among them whom I like very much, and I shouldn't like him to go to the bad," said Paul.

"Then I recommend you to get him out of Phlegethon as soon as you can. What's his name?" asked Challoner.

"Cheyne; I fancy you've seen him here," replied Paul; "I'm pretty sure he's not bad in himself, it's only these infernal men who have got hold of him."

"He's a weak vessel, I suppose," said Challoner, "and so they've sucked him into their precious slough; but you'd better talk to him and try what you can do; it's a ticklish kind of thing, and you'll probably offend him, but as you're of the same standing it won't so much matter, and anyhow it's a sort of duty."

"I'll try at all events," answered Paul.

As he spoke, loud shouts, mingled with the roaring chorus of a song, were heard proceeding from the opposite side of the quad.

"Those are your friends of Phlegethon, I presume; by Jove, they roar 'an 'twere any nightingale," said Challoner.

"Most of them are pretty well screwed, I expect, judging from the sound of their voices," replied Paul; "I wish they'd stop that row though, for I want to read."

"And I must go to the delightful page of the venerable Aristotle, so good night." And Challoner departed, sporting his friend's oak, in case any wandering votary from the Phlegethon Club should mistake the door for his own.

On the following morning Paul Romainé entered Percy Cheyne's rooms, and found their owner just commencing breakfast about half-past

ten o'clock. Stropper was lounging in an arm-chair near. Paul's first impulse was to go out on seeing this man, one of the worst members of the club, but he determined to stand his ground and wait for Stropper's departure.

"Come in, Romaine," cried Percy Cheyne, "I haven't seen you lately; have you breakfasted?"

"Thanks, yes, nearly two hours ago."

"Ah, you're a regular bird, go to Chapel and all that; you see I'm not."

"I can't stand morning Chapel, for my part," said Stropper, yawning.

"I should fancy not after such evenings as you spent last night; it's just as well that you can't, I should say," said Paul.

"Oh, you're pious, I declare, I didn't know that," drawled Stropper.

"No, I'm not pious, though there would be nothing *very* ridiculous in that; the only thing is, that I haven't got into a sufficient state of conventional blasphemy to allow me to get drunk at night, and take God's name in vain in morning Chapel."

Mr. Paul looked very hard at Stropper, as he said this, and though that gentleman had an unlimited stock of impudence always on hand, yet he winced a little under Paul's eye.

"Well, you're too good for me, I feel I'm not fit for such piety, so I'll leave the rest of the sermon to you, Cheyne;" so saying, Stropper left the room.

"I say, Romaine, draw it mild, you're coming it a little too strong, I think," said Percy.

"Coming *what* too strong," asked Paul in his dogged way; for our friend could be as obstinate and immovable as a mule when he chose.

"Why, you know, you oughtn't to drive a man out of my rooms by preaching to him."

"I never preach, Cheyne," said Paul; "but if your friends can't bear to hear a little truth without bolting out of the room, why, I wish you joy of their acquaintance. I should fancy the man who has just left us is not likely to be scared by any words, good, bad, or indifferent, though they do say that the devil is afraid of holy water."

"Well, never mind, you didn't come here on purpose to kick up a shine, I suppose; so what is it, old fellow?"

Percy had recovered his good humour already. He was one of those light-hearted, impulsive men, who take offence easily, but forgive still more easily, and are led to good or evil according to the company into which they are thrown.

"No, I didn't come to quarrel, or jaw, or anything of the kind, though, I confess, the sight of that drunken cad riled me a bit," said Paul, speaking in that pure-flowing slang which flourishes so genially at Oxford. "But I want to talk to you a little, Cheyne, so if you've got no lectures on, and have finished your breakfast, come out and take a turn round Christ Church meadows."

"All right, I'm your man," answered Percy, and they went out together. "Now I don't set up for a prophet in Israel," said Cheyne, as they turned out of the High past the Botanic Gardens, and so into the meadows; "but it strikes me that you're going to slang me, Romainé."

"No, not exactly, I've no right to slang you, you know," said Paul; "but I want to give you a word of advice, no humbug, but real friendly advice; it's given in four words—cut the Phlegethon Club."

"It's easy enough to say cut the Phlegethon," answered Cheyne, "but not so easily done; one of the rules is, that if any member cuts it in less than a year, *he* is to be cut by the other men."

"So much the better for him," said Paul laconically.

"I don't see that; come, 'your reason, Jack, your reason!' *Why* should I cut the Club?"

"Because you're going to the devil with it," answered Paul as laconically as before.

"My dear fellow, that's all bosh; you don't know anything about the Club."

"I know quite enough of it to make my advice worth taking, Cheyne. I know *this* about it, that its chief members are the fastest, the idlest, the most ignorant, and the most reckless men in College. I know that two or three times a week I can hear the awful row you are all making, up till twelve o'clock and later. I can see men reeling about in the quad as drunk as they can be, singing beastly songs, and saying beastly things; I know from good authority that you gamble most furiously, and I know that most of the men in Stropper's rooms last night were drunk."

"And you've never been drunk yourself, I suppose?" asked Cheyne.

"Whether I have or not, makes not the slightest difference to this question," answered Paul; "all I know is, that I'm very sorry to see you among such men, and I wish very much you'd leave them. I dare say you're thinking what business is it of mine?"

"Well, I was thinking so, I confess," said Percy Cheyne.

"Exactly, of course it's no business of mine personally; if men like to go to the bad, why, they can, it's no affair of mine, and as a rule, I assure you, I shouldn't lift my finger to stop them; but I like you, Cheyne, and I think it's a pity you should be such an infernal fool (excuse my plain speaking) as to mingle with those fellows."

"Well, I'm very much obliged to you, Romainé, it's very kind and jolly of you to have said all this," said Percy, "and sometimes I'm half sorry that I joined the Club; it does run away with a precious lot of money, there's no doubt about that. But you see I'm a full member now, and I can't leave without being cut by all the men of the Club."

"A terrible punishment, truly!" said Paul scornfully; "why, man, it's the very best thing that could happen to you."

"I'll think about it, if I can get away I will; at all events I won't get screwed any more."

"Can you touch pitch and not be defiled?" said Paul; "don't *think* about it, but leave them."

"Well, I'll see; thank you for your advice, I may be more grateful some day than I seem now. I'm off to the Union; good-bye."

Paul looked after him, and shook his head doubtfully. "I'm afraid that man will come to grief," he said, and so turned into College.

That afternoon, after Paul had been down in the Torpid to Ifley and back for practice, he encountered Challoner in Broad Street and the two friends strolled out upon the Banbury Road. This road is a favourite walk with the unacademic residents in Oxford, as well as with Dons and undergraduates, and there are generally more ladies to be seen here, near the fashionable quarter called The Crescent, than anywhere else near the City.

"That was a pretty girl, did you see her, Romainé?" said Challoner, as they walked along.

"No," replied Paul who had been silent and thoughtful for some time, "I don't often look at the girls about here, I don't go in for that sort of thing."

"What sort of thing?" asked Challoner.

"Why, girls to be sure. I don't think anything of them as a rule, and I hate all that spoony humbug which some men are always talking about."

"Do you mean that you set yourself up for a woman-hater?" asked Challoner.

"Well, perhaps, I'm rather inclined to take Euripides' word for such matters; he had good cause to know about them."

"My good fellow," rejoined Challoner very warmly, "I wonder that *you* should rake up that miserable example, the one argument which the misogynist always brings forward, sometimes throwing Xanthippe into the scale by way of a make-weight. Do you suppose that being a woman-hater was any credit to Euripides? It only showed that though a good poet, he was a fool in other matters. There isn't on the earth a character for which I entertain a more profound contempt, and dislike, than for a professed woman-hater; first, because he is a humbug, for no man *really* hates women; and next, because it makes him speak disrespectfully of beings which are purer and better than himself."

"You are enthusiastic, Challoner," said Paul coldly; he wasn't fond of being talked at in this way.

"I *am* enthusiastic on this subject," replied his friend, "because I'm sick to death of this humbug of men calling themselves woman-haters, and setting themselves up as being above all such trifles. It's only their infernal vanity that makes them do it. Now-a-days, if any spoony idiot is refused by a girl, he immediately takes up the cry that they're all alike, all jilts, all false; arriving at this logical conclusion from the fact that *one* girl has declined the honour of his advances."

"That's all very fine, Challoner," said Paul, "but I don't exactly see

what it leads to. I am not the spoony idiot in question, I presume ; so that if your outburst of slanging is intended for me, why, you've wasted your sweetness on the desert air, that's all."

"Why, you confessed that you were inclined towards misogyny, just now."

"I confessed that I didn't think much of girls, nor do I ; and what's more, old fellow, you can't alter my opinion, though you speak like Demosthenes, Cicero, and any amount of modern orators all in one lump. If it isn't to my taste to go leering and ogling after every bonnet I see, and fancying myself in love with every girl I talk too, what harm is there ?"

"No harm in that, I grant you," replied Challoner ; "but that's not what I mean, as you know very well. You said just now, and you've often said it before, that you go in for woman-hating, or despising if you like the term better, and this is what I take up my parable about. I maintain for a man, especially a young man, to call himself a misogynist, and to be proud of it, is to declare himself a vain and presumptuous ass. Any man, the most intellectual, the most deeply read, is improved by woman's society ; it humanizes him, softens him down, rubs off his sharp angles. Look at the Dons up here as a class ; they are the best scholars in the country, and yet what a set of shy, awkward, uncouth men they are, looking many of them as though they had just been picked out of an old clothes shop ; they've got all the Greek and Latin and philosophy on board, but they want the better angels to brush their hats and teach them manners."

"Oh, I'm ready to admit that being with women refines a man," said Paul. "Of course one doesn't talk before one's mother or sisters as in College, but as for the necessity of loving and kissing and marrying, I don't see it, and I don't believe in the necessity."

"You will some day," said Challoner.

"Not I."

"We shall see," rejoined Challoner.

"We shall," said Paul, and they parted on these terms.

Paul thought a good deal of this talk afterwards, and I am afraid came to the conclusion that he was quite right. We have nothing to do now, however, with thoughts ; the Torpid races have begun, and we must go whither all Oxford is going, down to the river.

It is a windy, cold day, but there is no sign of rain, so crowds of people are flocking along past Merton and Christ Church and some from Magdalen way, to one point, the barges. These barges, owned by the different Colleges, are gay to-day with flags, each barge displaying its College colours. Chief in size and beauty is the University barge, always called The 'Varsity Barge to distinguish it from that of University College. On the flag-staff of the 'Varsity barge are displayed the colours of the racing Torpids, in the order which they will occupy on the river, and

their flags will be shifted according to the "bumps" made, the boat which is bumped having to drop astern of that which has administered the bump. See, Brasenose is head of the river, there is the yellow flag at the top of the line; then comes Balliol, and St. Chrys'tom's is third; immediately followed by Corpus, which is said to have a good boat on this term.

The 'Varsity barge is already thronged with ladies and Dons, and a band is playing away among them. The other barges have a few fair crews, but not many; it is the summer term when they blossom forth into gay crowds of ladies fair. On the path there are motley groups, smartly dressed towns-people, College scouts, grave old Dons, kindly old Dons, prim young Dons, sniggering nurse-maids, dressy dressmakers, tawdry town-girls, and a few, a *very* few, ladies.

But now the band has ceased playing, a gun is heard down Iffley way, and all faces are turned in that direction.

"Shall we bump Balliol, do you think?" asks Mr. St. Albyn of Percy Cheyne, who prefers shouting on the barge to running with the crowd on the opposite bank.

"I hope so, sir, but I'm almost afraid not," answers Percy; "there's the second gun, they'll be off in a minute."

A minute of anxious expectation, then bang goes the last gun and the boats have started. Before they come into the sight of those on the barges, the men who are running on the Berkshire side have a full view of the race. It is an exciting scene, that crowd of men, many in their different-coloured boating dresses, rushing along at the top of their speed, sometimes getting pushed into the river, and all the while shouting lustily to their College boats and encouraging the crew to do their best. Now the leading boats are in "the Gut," a part of the river where a bump is most commonly made, and the excitement is intense. Brasenose is leading well ahead of the rest, the black oars flashing steadily in the glancing water, and deafening shouts of "Well rowed, Brasenose, well rowed!" resound from the bank and barges.

But the greatest interest now centres in the three next boats. Balliol has given up all hope of bumping Brasenose, and is straining every nerve to avoid *being* bumped by St. Chrys'tom's, which comes on behind like a very Nemesis; and Corpus behind that again is drawing nearer than formerly to the stern of St. Chrys'tom's, where little Spicer the coxswain is wild with excitement, but for all that is steering his boat admirably. Now comes the shouting as the race is seen from the barges, and the rival cries are reiterated loudly and sharply on every side. "Well rowed, Balliol, go it." "Now, Chrys'tom's, *now* you're gaining; well rowed, well rowed, St. Chrys'tom's!" "Corpus, Corpus, put it on, Corpus!" And Corpus *did* put it on, but to no purpose, for St. Chrys'tom's stuck steadily to their work, and got well away from their purple and red pursuers, and all but touched the stern of Balliol as the second pistol was fired, announcing that the wining post was reached.

"Another second and we should have done it," said Spicer, as the band burst forth with "See the conquering hero comes," and Brasenose, still head of the river, rowed quietly back to their barge after the other boats had reached the winning post. Only two bumps had been made, and these were among the lower boats, so that expectation pointed to the next day as the real race. Paul had done his work well in the race. He had felt the responsibility, never having pulled in a race of such importance before, but he had gone through with it steadily, without hurry, or over-excitement, and the long steady pull of his strong arms had never failed or flagged during the minutes of intense and momentarily growing excitement. All the talk in Hall that night was of the Torpids.

"We shall bump Balliol, to-morrow," said Spicer, the cox of the boat, confidently as he sat at dinner.

"I'm not so sure," said Curzon, who was one of the Torpid crew.

"I'll bet you two to one we do," said Spicer sharply.

"I shan't bet against our own boat, of course," replied Curzon.

"*Labor omnia vincit improbus*," quoted Douglas, a scholar, from the other side of the table.

"Sconce him, he's said more than three words of Latin," said Stropper.

"Are you sure they *were* Latin, Stropper?" asked Paul with a sneer.

"I'm sure he'll get sconced, and that's enough," replied Stropper, and at once proceeded to send up a note to the senior commoner in Hall, stating the quotation and begging that Douglas might be sconced. And he was sconced accordingly, a quart tankard of beer appearing presently, which went round the table amid the laughter of the men.

This sconcing is a time-honoured institution, though like many others, it is sometimes "more honoured in the breach, than the observance." As far as it is a punishment for swearing, or unseemly talk in Hall, it is excellent, but when so pressed as to include all quotations, and all talking of "shop"—this to be defined by the men present—it often becomes a tyrannical institution, a stopper to all sensible conversation, and an abominable nuisance.

Though Curzon declined to bet against the boat, many bets were made that night on the event of St. Chrys'tom's bumping Balliol, and of Corpus bumping St. Chrys'tom's.

The next day was cold and gusty, and the river was full of small waves which would make the labour of rowing all the harder. Fewer spectators were out in consequence of the weather, but most of the University was present. Again the anxious expectation; again the report of the guns away by Ifley; again the shouting, rushing crowd along the banks. But as the shouts became more audible, the men on the St. Chrys'tom's barge could hear that hundreds of voices were shouting: "Now, Chrys'tom's, now you're gaining, put it on!" while faint in comparison were the cries: "Balliol, Balliol, well rowed, Balliol!" Just

by the Gut there was a frantic cry of "Now, St. Chrys'tom's!" They answered to the cry nobly. Spicer blew his shrill whistle as a signal for a "spurt," and the boat bounded through the water and ran its nose well into the stern of the Balliol Torpid, amidst a loud shout of triumph from banks and barges.

And so Balliol was bumped, and St. Chrys'tom's was second on the river. On came the other boats, surging through the rough water; the scarlet oars of Magdalen, hard pressed by the blue oars with the golden cross of University; the light blue of Wadham has succumbed to the prowess of Christ Church; and Pembroke is hotly pursued by Jesus, the Welsh boat, with oars and uniform of green. It would strike an uninitiated spectator as being something like profanity to hear the shouts of "Go it, Jesus, well rowed, you'll bump 'em yet!" See yonder are the slow coaches, coming on in a style which shows that the crew are, to use Percy Cheyne's words, "deucedly pumped, and no mistake." The pink oars of Worcester are dipping rather feebly, and the funereal black and white of Magdalen Hall looks especially dreary so far behind.

But St. Chrys'tom's has bumped Balliol, and Paul Romaine is satisfied. The races continued for several days, but St. Chrys'tom's cannot approach the victorious black and yellow of Brasenose, and on the last day of the Torpids when the flags are altered for the last time, the red and yellow still flies first, and next the well-known colours of St. Chrys'tom's. Then came the bump supper with all its noise and revelry, but I doubt if Mr. Paul enjoyed that half so much as those minutes of anxiety when he was tugging at his oar in the midst of the crowded Isis.

(To be continued.)

PHOTOGRAPHS OF FAMILIAR FACES.

BY A FEMALE PHOTOGRAPHER.

POST-PRANDIAL TALK.

WHEN the ladies have sailed out of the dining-room, like a flock of swans, at the close of a company dinner, bowed out with great alacrity, under the disguise of politeness, by the gentlemen, whose faces seem to say: "At last!" we only hope the lords of the creation deal gently with the characters they leave behind them, and not after the fashion of Mrs. Candour and her tribe. What these forsaken Damons talk about, we cannot, of course, pretend to say—though we doubt not that horses, dogs, havannahs, and ballet girls, form the staple articles of their post-prandial talk. But it is for one of *their* number to divulge the secrets of their prison-house, which sundry novelists have now and then attempted to do, with what success, said lords of the creation alone can inform us. Our business lies with the retreating party.

Well! After the flock of swans have safely landed in the drawing-room, and smoothed down their ruffled feathers—for no London staircase is wide enough to hold two crinoline-encased ladies abreast—and shivered a little, if it be winter, on leaving the hot atmosphere of the dining-room, they form a semi-circle round the fire, while the dowagers ensconce themselves in the easy chairs. Presently they divide themselves into smaller knots—the cygnets (I mean the young ladies) generally herding by themselves, and crowding round the table to look at the photographs, and admire those fortunate individuals who have a claim to be styled a "duck of a man," and criticise the dress and appearance of their sister fair ones, more or less disfigured by that popular miniature painter, the sun—all of whom are voted either over-dressed or under-dressed, by the uncompromising jury of girls in their teens.

If there is an elderly spinster in the party, she generally joins convoy with one of the dowagers, relative to whom she feels herself almost a young lady again, as she listens patiently to the worthy dame's small talk about her nine grandchildren, and with curiosity and interest to her strictures on men in general and husbands in particular—the dowager having all the authority and right to expatiate on the latter interesting theme which experience can confer. "For I have been married thrice in my time!" observes the portly widow, with a little deprecating sigh. And on the maiden lady's timidly venturing to inquire whether she was equally happy in each of these three phases, the dowager lays down the law rather sententiously, saying that men consist of good, bad, and indifferent—which somewhat trite observation

may be equally well applied to women or children, and to everything live or otherwise on earth.

"I hope, at least, you never met with the bad?" asks the spinster.

"I have met with each in turn," says the dowager.

"That is rather discouraging to us single ones," simpers the spinster.

"And is it indiscreet to inquire which of your three dear departed was the best?"

"The first," sighs the dowager; "but then, my dear, he only lived three months."

Amongst the group of matrons, the gossip often runs on their living spouses. One lady talks a great deal about the theatres which she is always frequenting, and awakens the regrets of another lady, who complains that her husband is so lazy, that when he is once home from his office, he never cares to stir out to hear the finest opera or play in the world.

"Mr. Quibble is a solicitor, is he not?" inquires the play-going lady; and, being answered in the affirmative, resumes: "Of course he comes home rather fatigued, and so does my husband, who is a barrister—still that is no reason for me to give up theatres."

"Perhaps," suggests the solicitor's wife, with just that shade of deference in her tone, which shows her to be mindful of the superiority of Mr. Flamaway's position in the legal hierarchy over her own plodding mate, "Mr. Flamaway is not so sleepy as my husband, who is poring over tiresome deeds all day long. A barrister who is obliged to be eloquent, must have more fire and poetry in him than a solicitor requires for his humdrum avocations."

"I assure you that all the fire and poetry is extinguished by the time he comes home," says Mrs. Flamaway rather bitterly; "of course he does not take the trouble to be eloquent, to show off before his wife."

"Then how do you manage to get him to the theatre?" asks Mrs. Quibble, desirous of learning so valuable a secret.

"Manage? Why, by going without him, to be sure. I have plenty of friends willing to accompany me."

"Yes, of course," replies the solicitor's wife, upon whom a new light seemed to dawn—"I think I must adopt the same plan."

"I shouldn't like to leave my husband," observes little Mrs. Coddle, in a deprecating tone.

"Are you jealous?" inquires the barrister's wife, with that look of haughty contempt, which fine women often bestow on the smaller specimens of humanity.

"No—not exactly—still you know—" Here Mrs. Coddle stopped, half intimidated. She did not belong to the more dashing set of the other ladies, and having only been invited because Mr. Coddle transacted business with the master of the house, did not feel quite at her ease; but conscious that the eagle eye of the barrister's wife was still upon her, as if waiting for a categorical answer, she stammered out: "I try to make him so comfortable at home, that he never wishes to leave it."

This was not a reply to the question ; and accordingly the barrister's wife, who could have cross-examined a witness quite as sharply as her husband, now resumed : " You say not exactly jealous, which leaves us to suppose that you are somewhat so. Pray, are your maids pretty ? "

" The housemaid is," replied Mrs. Coddle, with the innocence of a baby.

" Very well," replied the barrister in petticoats, " and it is, no doubt, to counteract her influence that you seek to make Mr. Coddle so comfortable ? "

" I never thought of such a thing," replied Mrs. Coddle, " it is my duty as a wife to make him comfortable. "

" May I inquire what means you employ," said Mrs. Flamaway in the same sarcastic vein, " in order that we may all profit by such valuable hints ? "

Whenever there is a kind of duel of words between two persons, in a small party, you may observe that separate conversations cease, and those present sink into listeners. As this was more exciting than a duel of sharp words—being in fact putting a simple-minded person in the witness box, to show her up for the amusement of the rest—even the young ladies left off giggling at the photographic albums, and leant an attentive ear to what was going on.

" He always finds a good dinner on his return home," said Mrs. Coddle.

" And a pair of warm slippers if it rains ? " inquired her pitiless cross-questioner.

" Ye—es, certainly," replied Mrs. Coddle, blushing like the heroine of Haynes Bayley's song, " to look around on listeners so mute. "

" And do you allow him to smoke ? "

" Of course I do," said Mrs. Coddle, " but he smokes in the parlour only. "

" Do you mean to say that if he invaded the sanctity of the drawing-room with his havannahs, you—a pattern wife—would risk your conjugal felicity, by debarring him such a luxury ? " said the barrister's wife, speaking more and more in the tone of her own husband.

" I never said any such thing," replied poor bewildered Mrs. Coddle ; " of course he can do what he likes in his own house. I wish Coddle would come up-stairs, and then he could tell you himself. "

And she made a desperate plunge to escape from her tormentor, by gliding behind two other ladies. But Mrs. Flamaway had not yet done with her.

" Suppose," said she, " we ring for the footman, and send him to inform Mr. Coddle that Mrs. Coddle requests him to leave the gentlemen ? "

" Oh, no—no ! " cried Mrs. Coddle, half frightened, " I wouldn't disturb him for the world. "

" Is Mr. Coddle in the habit of staying so very long over his wine ? " asked Mrs. Flamaway, resuming her cross-examination.

The two ladies behind whom Mrs. Coddle had screened herself seemed mischievously to move asunder, so as to leave her exposed to this fresh volley from the enemy's camp."

"No," said Mrs. Coddle, "he comes up to tea, and often long before."

"And sits in his easy chair, reading the paper, while you are, no doubt, embroidering him a smoking cap or a pair of slippers?"

Mrs. Coddle made no answer, and looked round as if in search of a break in the circle, by which she could effect a retreat. But the circle seemed closer than ever.

"What! You who are a model wife—refuse to embroider him a smoking cap?—What say you to that, ladies?" resumed Mrs. Flamaway, appealing to the jury.

"No—I never refused," said the poor discomfited little woman.

"Very well. Then since you grant this point, I daresay you will also confess that you sugar his tea with great care, so as to maintain the equilibrium of the charming temper he must be in, after a good dinner, and cigars *ad libitum*," said the female barrister.

"Well! And don't *you* sweeten your husband's tea?" said Mrs. Coddle, turning upon her aggressor like a stag at bay, but not at all perceiving the pungency of her own retort.

"I should rather think she mixed bitters with it," whispered the dowager to the spinster, while a slight laugh that fluttered like a breeze through the jury of matrons and maidens, gave token that, though they enjoyed seeing her play with Mrs. Coddle, as a cat does with a mouse, they would have been delighted could some sharper tongue have brow-beaten the barrister's fitting helpmate as she deserved.

"I may sweeten his tea sometimes," said Mrs. Flamaway with a sneering laugh, "but I never attempt to sweeten his temper, as that would be a hopeless task. But *you* seem to lay your plans so as completely to stultify Mr. Coddle by a surfeit of indulgences. That savours of bribery and corruption. I daresay he often takes a nap after dinner?"

"Sometimes," said simple-hearted Mrs. Coddle.

"And on awaking from that nap, I surmise you find no difficulty in getting him to sign a cheque for any amount, or agree to any measure you are bent on smuggling through the house—even to the dismissal of the pretty housemaid?"

"Really ma'am," protested Mrs. Coddle, blushing and again looking round, as if in hopes somebody would come to the rescue—when the door opened, and one of the gentlemen emerged from below.

The first gentleman, after a dinner, is like the first violet, or the first primrose, and valued accordingly. The barrister's wife left off brow-beating the witness and looked gracious, the young ladies again clustered round the table and seemed deeply interested in the albums, the matrons waxed pleasant and encouraging, and all went as merrily as a marriage bell.

I must observe that the mistress of the house was not present during the brow-beating scene, having no doubt, like so many of Scribe's motherly characters, "some orders to give," when a love scene is to come on. And this leads me to chronicle a remark I have frequently had occasion to make. Whenever a lady leaves her friends to entertain themselves for a few moments, while she either gives said orders, or takes a peep at what is going on in the nursery, ten to one but what the father of all mischief prompts them to talk about the only topic that ought to be a sealed book under that roof—namely, the hostess and her family. When I say talk, I don't mean in a laudatory strain, such as: "How charmingly Mrs. — looks to-night," or "How well she does the honours of her house," or such like cut and dried speeches, which humble friends put forward in a spirit of toadyism; but I allude to talking scandal about the very persons whose hospitality ought, for the time being, to "save them from their friends." Let the mistress of the house, though she may have treated her guests to the very best dinner a disciple of Ude or Soyer could desire, beware of leaving them the leisure to gossip about herself. Let her kiss baby in double quick time, and return to the drawing-room at once. Remember the old proverb about the mice!

When a diversion is effected by one of the company victimizing another, as in the case of the barrister's wife, the propensity to bite the hand that has fed them, is kept in check; but whenever there is a dead calm, something of the kind is almost sure to crop out. It begins perhaps with criticising the furniture. If the room contains some of the choicest specimens from Wardour Street, there is sure to be some vandal who "cannot imagine why people give large sums for old furniture, when modern furniture is so much handsomer!" Another defends the old furniture but attacks the looking-glasses, as not being in keeping with it. Some declare the room to be overloaded, others think it too bare for its size, while the carpets and curtains have their admirers and detractors; if each took away the things they condemn, it is clear there would not be a stick left in either of the drawing-rooms. Luckily wishes are not horses. Yet, after all, the censure of furniture is not of the slightest consequence; it is a mere matter of taste—and I should not care a pin if my friends picked my rooms to pieces (morally) so as they let my character alone.

But when it comes to personal scandal, it is quite a different affair. I remember dining, some years ago, at the house of a very fascinating widow, who, though past the prime of life, was still a remarkably handsome woman. When I say widow, she might be a widow bewitched for aught I knew, for I never could ascertain whether her husband was dead, or whether they had merely separated. She was showy and agreeable, and surrounded with admiring friends, and it had never occurred to me to pry into her past career. But one day I happened to dine at her house, with a small party, and as the gentlemen stayed a long while

below, we had full leisure to talk amongst ourselves. The dinner, having been furnished by an excellent pastrycook, was unexceptionable; but the widow who was not, I suspect, at all clever at managing the commissariat department, left us a long while, probably to superintend the giving out more wine for the thirsty throats below stairs, during which we had to seek amusement as best we might, while the gentlemen were drinking our healths.

There was not an abundance of intellect amongst the party, therefore the conversation flagged somewhat, till one enterprising lady happened to discover a couple of miniatures in their cases, and found on opening them that they represented our fair hostess in a style of costume that Madame de Pompadour might have adopted had she caused herself to be presented as Erigone, or as an Amazon (not Amazon meaning horse-woman, as in modern Anglo-Franco parlance, but an Amazon of classic antiquity) which was not exactly the dress, or rather undress, that seemed becoming a person of such remarkably dignified deportment as our hostess. The lady showed her discovery to one of the guests, all of whom, I alone excepted, were more intimate than herself with our hostess, though none of them had, seemingly, set eyes on the miniatures before. The spinster who first looked at it seemed rather surprised and shocked, and passed it on to her neighbour. "I wonder Mrs. B— should have had her likeness taken in that manner," said one. "But can it be Mrs. B—?" said another. It was evidently taken some years back, as the form was slimmer. But the face was not nearly so handsome as the original's really was even then. In fact it was not a good likeness, though one could not but conclude it was meant for her, and accordingly all finished by agreeing on this point.

Here was a mine of unexpected scandal suddenly sprung, by the mere opening of two morocco cases, which quickly imparted a zest to the hitherto flagging conversation! Now remember that, as aforesaid, all the ladies, except the one who acted the part of Columbus by making this notable discovery, and my humble self, were "intimate" friends of the hostess. Yet that did not prevent a flutter of excitement pervading the group, as if something mighty agreeable had occurred, though of course mixed with an obligato accompaniment of exclamations expressive of the shock their sensitive natures had received. In less than no time, she was judged and tacitly condemned by this self-constituted tribunal, some of whose members she had obliged in various ways, but who suddenly felt exceedingly indignant at the idea of having been taken in, and if not done for, at least lured into making friends with a *paw-paw* person. None of these intimates, one of whom was about the court, had ever stopped to inquire who or what their hostess might be; but now the boldest among them insisted that the two miniatures proved she had been kept by two gentlemen, who had each returned her likeness, when the connexion ceased. Another of the lady's friends suggested that she had perhaps in her youth followed the profession of a painter's model,

which might account for the scantiness of the drapery. The spinster opined that the two morocco cases should be forthwith returned to the "place they came from," like other guilty things, evidently leaning to the opinion that it was best to ignore this episode altogether, not to be obliged to renounce visiting at her hostess's agreeable house. Besides, nobody seemed to know what was to be done. They could not arraign her, and expulse her from their society, under her own roof; yet, if they quietly stayed to tea, it would constitute an act of condonation, as the lawyers say, and they could not go to war after that. Moreover, nobody likes to bell the cat in such a case; and accordingly when the hostess returned smiling, and unconscious as an infant three days old, though there was an ominous silence, and they scrutinized her as they would an actress whom they had never seen before, each guest held her peace, until the lady who had kindled the fire now smouldering, by her unlucky discovery, adopted the best method for putting an extinguisher upon it, by asking our hostess with more straightforwardness than etiquette, whether those miniatures were meant for her?

Our hostess appeared neither abashed nor driven into a corner by the question, but replied in the simplest manner that they were intended to represent her. She had employed an artist, out of charity, to take her miniature, which he had not done successfully. Unaware, as it would seem, of his own shortcomings, and wishing no doubt to keep a reminiscence of her handsome countenance, the artist had made these copies of what he considered her likeness, to show as specimens of his craft, but had done them something after the fashion of "goddesses without stays or bodices"—a piece of impropriety which so annoyed her, that she purchased them of the artist, on condition of his not again making a similar use of her features. She had intended to use the morocco cases for two family portraits, and to conceal the two wretched daubs, but they had been laid by, in a moment of sorrow, and forgotten, and she believed her maid had found them and placed them in the drawing-room.

I couldn't help thinking how small the accusing areopagus must have felt, when she offered this simple and evidently truthful explanation.

Another and still worse sample of post-prandial talk—worse in its effects I mean—came under my observation, some time after. We were a small party—scene, a conservatory—time, after dinner—mistress of the house absent—when one lady said to another: "Mrs. Strangeways seemed very absent to-day at dinner."

"Yes—she often is," said the other; "hereditary, you know."

"How do you mean?"

The second speaker pointed to her forehead.

"You don't say so!"

"It runs in the family. I've heard her father spent the last years of his life in a lunatic asylum—and you know her eldest son is in confinement!"

Though this was said in a whisper, a third lady had heard every word that passed, and advancing towards the apparently best informed of the two speakers, said: "Excuse me, ladies, but is it possible that Paul Strangeways is not the eldest son?"

"Certainly not," replied the lady, "only they always put him forward as the eldest—but don't say I mentioned it—and of course he will ultimately inherit the property, considering his brother's condition."

The questioner turned pale: "It strikes me that the property is entailed," said she.

"Possibly," returned the lady carelessly; "if so, Paul will, perhaps, have a long time to wait, before he becomes rich—for lunatics seem to live for ever, as if out of spite."

And having uttered this wise saying, she thought no more about it. But her words had not fallen on a barren soil—they were destined to bring forth bitter fruits. Mrs. Prudence, the questioner, had not inquired into the matter out of mere idle curiosity. Young Strangeways was paying his addresses to her daughter, and the latter (who by the bye had not accompanied her mother to the dinner) was inclined to favour his suit. But the double drawback of madness in the family, and the entail, made the far-seeing mamma think it a duty to break off the match. And this she proceeded to do the very next day, by frightening her daughter with the alarming prospect of Paul's becoming a lunatic, and forthwith spiriting her away to make a tour on the Continent, and forget all about her ill placed inclination.

Of course Paul remonstrated by letter (for she had carefully avoided letting the Strangeways family know to what part of the Continent they had gone, and only her lawyer knew her address), but his intended merely replied that it was for the best they should not meet again; while Mrs. Prudence wrote a rather stinging letter to Mrs. Strangeways, observing that a sense of honour ought to have impelled her husband and self to have mentioned the terrible affliction that hovered over their house. It was in vain that an explanation was volunteered by Mr. Strangeways, sen., who stated that it was a son by his first wife (herself subject to fits of lunacy) who was born an idiot; and that his present wife's father, so far from having died mad, was a scientific man of great intellect, still living in the West Indies; and that consequently Paul could have no hereditary taint of madness to fear. Deep offence had been given, angry expressions exchanged, the young folks had grown estranged; and thus two hearts that might have been happy and united had each to go a different way to seek for some other partner through life, who probably never replaced what each had lost; and all this blight from idle words, spoken at random by one who repeated what she had picked up, without stopping to inquire whether there was even the shadow of a foundation for such assertions. O scandal mongers! what a deal you have to answer for!

A WELSH GATHERING.

"For modes of faith let graceless bigots fight,
His can't be wrong, whose life is in the right."

POPE.

"WAST ever at court, shepherd?" asks *Touchstone* of his gaping auditor, and assures him that if he has never been, his is a "perilous state" indeed. Gentle reader, have you ever seen, or, as say our French neighbours, "assisted at," a Welsh Association? If not, allow me to assume the office of chief initiator into the mysteries of a scene which, for mingled fun and pathos, has no equal. But first just a few words in preface.

Within the last ten years open-air preaching has become fashionable in England, and of its very great utility too much cannot be spoken. Good men and true, faithful servants to the Great Master, have looked forth upon the world, that great seething cauldron in which for ever the gloomy contents of want, sin, misery, sorrow, death, do "double and trouble," and have seen that as long as preaching is confined to Church or Chapel alone, much real good among the lowest classes could not be hoped for. Though the House of God is supposed to be the common vantage ground upon which the creatures of His kind care meet upon equal footing, though we hug unto ourselves the comforting idea, together with other ideas no less comfortable and no less fallacious, that as long as the "meeting-house" doors remain open, men and women will duly attend, we commit a grievous mistake.

Enter, for instance, either a church in one of the populous parishes of London, or a chapel in the most influential dissenting town, and what do you behold there? Not the *pariah* of society, not the waif and stray, who lives on from day to day utterly hopeless of the future, and little knowing, poor soul, where to-morrow's food may come from; not the sorrow-stained wanderer of the streets, with paint-smear'd cheek and hollow eye. Nay, of this kind are assuredly not the worshippers: but those to whom the expression "well-to-do" may be justly applied, and who listen to the preacher's glorious words with snug complacency, with no dread fear of the ghastly phantom whom men fear as Poverty, and who take the preaching, the singing, and the service, as a species of entertainment provided by compliment for their weekly amusement; who go to church to yawn, stare, criticise; from thence, home to criticise the more, and affably discuss over their sherry the relative merits of the Rev. Boanerges Brimstone, and the Ven. Archdeacon Treacle—affirming mayhap of the former, that he "nearly frightened me out of

my wits, sir, begad, with his howling and threats of perdition, objectionable style of man is your blatant preacher"—while to the latter they pay the tribute of praise, in that he frightened them not, but spake honied words and kept them waiting but the fashionable quarter of an hour. Fully foreseeing then, that in-door worship would not answer the effect of making men think seriously, several of our mighty orators, "brilliant and shining lights" in the Church, went forth and preached in the theatres, in the corners of the streets, upon quays, amongst the shipping—anywhere, in fact, where the poor, who could not enter churches for their ragged, filthy attire, were likely to assemble—and, at the same time, held meetings in the dead of night, whither were invited the daughters of sin, who throng the gas-lit pavements of London. How far this answered I cannot take upon myself to say, nor were I even furnished with statistics would I impose them on the reader, the purpose of this paper being to amuse, not to bore; though, seriously, one cannot be always trifling and joking, you know. This is a world of sober reality, not dreamy fiction, and if we do not sometimes put the question, "*Quo tendimus?*" it may fare hard with us at the last. The end will, must come, the hollow uselessness of Vanity Fair fade slowly away, the pipe and tabor and drum be no more heard in the streets. Sooth too, the time will come, when the guest shall open the fringed dinner napkin, and find therein a skull; shall quaff the goblet of Burgundy, and find that he has drunk blood. "Two women shall be grinding at a mill; the one shall be taken, the other left. The pitcher shall be broken at the well; sounds of woe shall be heard in the deserted city." *Fuit Troja*. There was a city once called Rome. There was a general once called Alexander. There was a canny king once known as Solomon. "To this end shall we come."

"Bah! why should you preach? why should you sermonize? are you better than the rest of us?" sneers some kind friend. *Why* indeed, save that a word sometimes dropped from the lips of a fool may save a wiser man; besides 'tis mighty pleasant to preach; and instruct, you apply a salve to good conscience, an opiate to lull its sting to sleep for a season. "Ay, there's the rub," even Hamlet the Dane, with his yellow locks and sad beautiful face, in considering the mystery of life, understood it till the *finis* came, and then he was at fault with his philosophy.

Ah, well may we strive, hand and heart may we strive, to keep this inward monitor of ours pretty clear. Let us conduct ourselves well and decently to our neighbours: when Hagar crouches down with her perishing darling 'neath the burning glaring sun to die, may our hand tender the cup of cold water; may we try and practise a little charity in common life, and not pass by the miserable "upon the other side," but Samaritan-like kneel down and administer the balm of healing words, and who knows but that it may be well with us at the last.

And all this time not a word of the subject on hand! I wonder if anything will cure me of the habit of digression. Habit they say, you

know, fixes a firm hold on its miserable victim, and my yoke seems no light one. I have been flying off at a tangent from fortune since the day that gave me birth, and instead of contenting myself decorously with the highroad, have wandered, like unto a vagabond, into the lanes and bye-ways, whence it is to be feared I have culled not too much good.

After having spent about three months in the pleasant little Welsh hamlet of Aberdyff, where I had elected to pass the "Long" in a praiseworthy though somewhat futile effort to get up the necessary amount of "cram," that I might meet good Alma Mater's Inquisitors with a clear conscience, I at length found the place getting intolerably slow. Not that there was ever much novelty in it. The few people there acted just as people do in all places of the world. I had exhausted all the resources of the little retirement; had endeavoured but with shady result, to get up a Cricket Club amongst the lads of the village; had pretended an unusual fervour and interest in the singing schools; had risen early, and wandered late, to whip the purling brooklet with the hard name, and succeeded in pulling therefrom not many trout; had wasted my time in ardent flirtation with pretty Mary Wynne, mine host's daughter, in the which I am bound to say she had the advantage over me, seeing that I am but a sorry master of *beaux yeux*, and, have not the art of making "lovely woman" desperately fond of me. In company with the old innkeeper, I had listened to his interminable tales, chiefly concerning the power and doughtiness of his ancestors, varied by his own exploits during the period of green youth. I had made a species of grand tour round the island in a fishing smack and did not think much of the same, because when not frightfully sick I was always in danger of being drowned. Of all these delights had I drained the very dregs and was not satisfied. "*Panen et Circences*," was still my cry. My mind naturally philosophical, was not to be put off with trifles of this light sort. Besides, to crown all, the rain had commenced to assert its power, and the official, who is supposed to direct the water-works above, had turned in a liberal supply; and as rain is not particularly conducive to mad hilarity, especially in the sanded parlour of a country hostel, with a pond full of ducklings in front, "I only said 'I am a weary.'"

Taking all this into consideration, I "concluded," as say our American friends, to leave the place of my retreat, and with this purpose fraught, made for mine host's daughter, who, seated by the fire, evidently was thinking of nought but the wonderful stocking she was engaged on. I hinted to the lady that my stay was about to approach its end, that in fact I should go the next day. Did her eyelash tremble; did her voice quiver, as she made answer? I thought so, but then I am vain sometimes.

"You surely will not go this week, sir," said she; "you will lose the Association."

Never having heard of the term, I craved her pardon for my ignor-

ance, and asked the meaning of this cabalistic word. She was too glad to explain of course.

"You know, sir, that father is a Methodist, and of course I go to meeting."

"And very proper," assented I with a grunt.

"Well, in times gone by when we had no chapels, and, indeed, the cause itself was but small, the people had no means of attending to the preaching of our ministers but by meeting together, once a month, in some open-air place, and there they used to hold service. This has been kept up amongst us, since those good old days, and though we have chapels and plenty of accommodation now, they still hold these associations. You had better stay, sir," pleaded she, "I know you will be very pleased; and, besides, you will hear very excellent preachers," reckning a whole string of them like beads on her finger.

Unable to resist her pleading eye, and not without a certain spice of curiosity to see one of these wonderful "associations," I changed my intention and stayed yet awhile. Soon did manifest tokens of the coming festival begin to make themselves visible. The little village seemed, in the words of that estimable hymn of Dr. Watts' ("the delight of our childhood, and our solace during age," as somebody calls them), to have shaken off dull sloth, and made desperate efforts at liveliness. The odour of viands cooking, "an' 'twere for the marriage feast," saluted my olfactory nerves agreeably all the day; vehicles seemed to be arriving without intermission to the little inn, conveying visitors, cleric and lay; loving couples on horseback, the husband in front, his better-half behind, trotted down the chief street; all the children, not knowing exactly what to make of it, set up a mighty shouting to express their satisfaction; while, from hidden drawers and "presses," were produced wondrous pieces of finery calculated to astonish the beholder by their patterns. Ever and anon there would pass down the street a group of preachers, who, by their eloquence on the morrow, were to shake the village, looking now, sooth to say, as unclerical as the veriest laymen, and evidently liking their joke and their laugh as well as the most worldly. Nay, I actually discovered one lank-haired and youthful divine saying sweet nonsense, and evidently very pleasantly engaged with Mary Wynne. I looked at him with a bilious expression of face, and said "Go to now, young divine, with thy smooth hair and merry eye; is this the manner to teach people the way they should go?" *Tush!* perchance he meant no harm, so I was glad he did not understand my reviling. Besides, I do opine that the system is a radically incorrect one, which imposes upon the ministers of the Most High solemnity and asceticism in gait and conversation. No worse a Christian is a clergyman in my eyes, because he can run a "fiver" across the oval without panting, or ride straight in the ruck of the hounds across country. I do not see that because a man is a minister and attaches "Rev." to his name, that he should turn up his eyes, and turn down the corners of his mouth, and

sigh "*Vae atque dolor!*" all the day. To keep the mind healthy we must keep the body healthy also, and nothing conduces so much to bodily health as good hard exercise, and a moderate share of this world's comforts, whether in minister or layman. There you have, *voilà tout*, the case in a nut-shell.

To return to the "Association." The morning of the auspicious day showed not the slightest trace of rain. The sky was blue as turquoise, and the breeze from the sea, bracing and refreshing, and high in air the skylark carolled her matin hymn till lost in the empyrean.

At an early hour the little town was as full as it could well hold of visitors, and as soon as the first serious business of the day, breakfast, could be disposed of, the various groups began to wend their way towards a meadow, where the preaching was to come off in a large wooden pulpit, or rather platform, large enough to hold the preachers and the *élite* of the neighbourhood. Before we proceed thither, let me introduce to your notice some of the features of the "road" to this not sporting but religious meeting. Of course, I cannot point out to you the racy details of the "Derby" road; no drags full of guardsmen, no dog-carts driven by sporting publicans, no whitechapel piloted by sturdy "costers." The chief characters in this shifting scene are farmers and their wives, arrayed in the most resplendent attire; knee-breeches and blue coats predominating amongst the former, while the latter wear immense hats, some two feet high, with wide brims. Placid content reigns upon the bucolic face here, for the summer has been fine, and the harvest abundant beyond his most sanguine hopes; and now again in the autumn, when Hertha is laying herself down to die shrouded in her seemly robe of fallen crimson leaves, the apple-crop promises to be fair and plentiful. So, of course, serenity is enthroned upon the farmer's face, and he has the kind word and pleasant smile for all, while his house lies open to the visitors to eat and drink their fill. Then the servant lads and lassies, these I promise you are no mean sight. Gorgeous is their array, utterly regardless of expense, their entire "get-up," from the wide-awake trimmed with gay blue ribbon to the hob-nailed boots, polished resplendently. Johnnie is a creature to look at respectfully, while Mary in the tall hat, and pure white cap-ribbon, smirks and bridles at every little word of compliment from her rustic admirer.

"Great is the company of preachers," of all sizes, all shapes; some grown hoary in the service of the Lord, others raw, shy, and diffident of their powers; some affable and pleasant, arm-in-arm with the farmer, and nodding cheerily to their various acquaintances; others moody, solemn, lank Prester-Johns, bearing on their faces the impress of the ascetic hardness within. Sainly ones are they, and not to be approached save with reverence. If my readers have read Burns' "Holy Fair," they have seen a gallery of these worthies photographed by a master hand.

But we have loitered owre long over this motley, moving crowd ; let us join them and wend our way to the scene of action. Long before we reach it, we hear sounds, loud, distinct, almost reaching a bellow, and find on arriving that a "choice vessel" has arisen and is about commencing his discourse. In order to make his voice audible over the length and breadth of the field, and to overcome the noisy hum of mingled flirtation and conversation going on, the orator has to exert his lungs to the utmost ; sometimes aiding his voice by applying his hand to his mouth, much in the same way as we see steamer captains give their orders. The excitement appears to be the most intense amongst a knot of elders, and women, who are congregated round the preaching platform. The louder the minister shouts, the more impassioned his oratory becomes, the more excited become the audience. Frequent "Amens" and "Hear him" are heard ; some of the more enthusiastic ones commence moaning and rock themselves to and fro, with the wildest gestures ; some are so far gone, that they can do nought but lie down and kick up their heels madly.

All this time fresh arrivals throng into the field till it looks like a parterre of gay flowers. Vendors of refreshments, and strange to say, of light literature—(I actually saw the "London Journal"* amongst them)—wend their way between the rows of attentive or listless listeners. Here you come upon a group of lads and lassies gaily chatting, flirting, laughing, as oblivious to the preacher as if no such man existed. It is holiday time, for them, poor things, and little reck they whether the occasion be religious or the contrary. In another quarter, a couple of would-be divines have disputed concerning some point of Scripture, and at it they go *statim*, arguing and refuting, till the perspiration streams from their faces. A never-failing element of course are the children who, if anything, are more restless and gamesome on this solemn day than the others. A shocking disturbance these "ne'erdowels" create amongst the more staid, diving into the crowds, and upsetting quiet folks ; while ever and anon some luckless urchin is caught by the stern hand of authority, and sternly ordered to listen to the howler in the pulpit ; no easy task for him, poor child, and he casts longing eyes after his more fortunate companions.

And so the little game goes on—flirting, eating, drinking, sleeping, preaching—till the first orator has literally prostrated himself by his intense efforts and quits the rostrum. A hymn is now given out, and from that mighty throng rises the grand anthem of praise to the Bountiful, while, "keeping time," "keeping time," the deep swell of the Ocean chimes in, and the skylark carols a blithe treble in the blue distance. I never heard anything approaching the grandeur of this hymn sung in this place. I have heard the mighty organ of Magdalen, Oxford, shake the building, as the chaunt rose to its fretted roof. I have heard more refined, delicate music, but nothing to equal the rude

* A fact.

beauty of this melody ; spell-bound I remained, and forgot the silly, flaunting crowd around me, and drank in every glorious note from the singers' lips.

After the singing came more preaching. This time, a milder and more persuasive orator in English, whose sermon seemed to attract attention ; and it deserved to, for it was characterized by earnest fervour and deep solemnity. He talked "as a dying man to dying men," and trusted more to the truth of his remarks than to any ornament or exaggeration, and consequently the excitement was less intense, and the silence broken only by an occasional "Amen" deep and fervent.

Nor all this while were creature comforts forgotten or slighted. In every house is spread a large collection of viands which do delight the inner man, and hither all are invited to come and forget the difference of opinion over a bowl of "*cwrw da*." A very fair notion these homely Welsh people have of hospitality, at any rate. The feast is quite *Gargantuan* in the character of its dishes, and the good things, as says our little friend Mr. Bouncer, "piled up *mountainous*." Giant hams, flanked by smoking platters of vegetables ; immense pies, hiding beneath their crusty surface wondrous things in flesh and fowl ; thin oatmeal cakes peculiar to the country, which in their crisp, delicate way, are delicacies by no means to be sneezed at ; *nec tu sperne puer*, the strong good ale, which circles round the festive board in large pewter measures. Here are the preachers again, no longer blatant and authoritative, but seeing that their flock is well attended to, the while that they exchange merry smiles with the fair ones.

The out-door preaching is now over for the day, and the people begin to wend out from the field to the chapel, where the Rev. Thomas Jones, or Morgan, or Rees, as the case may be, is about to dole forth sundry crumbs of spiritual comfort in his "sixthly and lastly." After the noise and turmoil of the day, the field looks quite desolate now, and reminds one of the battle-plain, on which the pitying moon looks down ; but along the road wend loving couples, Colin and Rosalind, billing and cooing and telling to each other their little loves, and hopes, and fears. I look upon them kindly and tenderly, fully appreciative of their love, and bethink me of a time when— *Bah !* never mind, 'twere best left unsaid all this ; why should I "wear mine heart upon my sleeve for daws to peck at ?"

The paddock close to the meadow, where the horses have been put, presents a scene wild and picturesque as in an American *corrall*. Furious riders rushing hither and thither, making ineffectual attempts to grasp the recreant steeds by the mane ; horses tearing wildly, careering round at full speed ; lights flashing, shouts and cries ; till at length the paddock is cleared, and the riders sally forth into the night.

GWYNETH.

LADY MAUD.

I.

O LADY MAUD, your eyes are wet, your cheeks are wan with care,
 Untended fall the glorious locks of shining chestnut hair.
 Then why so tearful, Lady Maud? without, the clouds have fled;
 E'en now a prisoned sunbeam casts a halo round your head.

II.

Your favourite steed stands at the door, obedient to your call,
 Your servants wait to do your will within your father's hall,
 Your falcon flaps his eager wings, impatient for his prey;
 Then, whence this mourning, Lady Maud, and why so sad to-day?

III.

O is it that a passing wind has swept some flow'ret down,
 Or is it that you dread to meet a father's angry frown,
 Or is it that no suitor comes to woo you for his bride,
 But hangs aloof in terror of your frigid looks of pride?

IV.

It is not for a withered flower or favourite bird I sigh,
 It is not that I fear to meet an angry father's eye,
 It is not that I have not wealth, or friends and spreading land,
 Or that my suitors fear to come and ask me for my hand.

V.

But 'tis the knowledge that I once deceived a noble mind,
 And turned from one who loved me well, unheeding and unkind.
 He left me to my cold disdain, and in the field of strife
 Lost that which but for me had been a peaceful, happy life.

VI.

And 'tis for this my eyes are sad, and that I never care
 To fly my hawk, or ride my steed, or braid my light brown hair.
 He loved to stroke those shining locks in joyful times of yore,
 And now they're sacred, and no hand shall ever touch them more.

VII.

O Lady Maud, he is not dead, tho' on the battle's plain
 He plunged where dangers thickest lay, yet he returned again.
 And once again he'll ask your love, as on that fatal day,
 But Lady Maud no more will turn in cold disdain away.

W. B.

RAILWAY ROMANCES:
OR
STORIES TOLD IN A TRAIN.

I.—MIRIAM GILBERT'S SORROW.

BUSINESS rather than pleasure obliges me frequently to travel by rail, and in very different directions. One week I am away among the wolds and moors of the north, with long tracts of blackened ground, roaring furnaces, and clanging hammers; next I am gliding swiftly away among the bright flower-dotted meadows and sloping hills of the western counties, and anon I am above the grimy house-tops and poisonous chimneys which hedge in the metropolitan railways. In these frequent journeys I have not failed to notice many people whose appearance seemed to entitle them to the somewhat doubtful denomination of "a character," and I have not unfrequently gathered strange stories and anecdotes from their talk. Although Englishmen, especially travelling Englishmen, are not a communicative race, yet a long railway journey is usually productive of conversation from the most taciturn, and I have seldom been obliged to take refuge in a book or a newspaper during my many journeys.

It was about two years ago that I had occasion to travel to a place about sixty miles from London, and found myself, on entering the train at Euston Square, in company with three other travellers. They were all common-place enough, and not very promising company. In one corner remote from me sat a vacuous-looking youth in a stiff collar and alarmingly loud tie, who gazed thoughtfully at nothing out of the window, and seemed to be thinking about it. Next to him was a sickly man in spectacles, who seemed to be hopelessly bewildered by his "Bradshaw;" and knowing the extremely lucid character of that work, there is no reason to suppose that I was wrong in my conjecture. The remaining traveller sat opposite to me, and was a stout, benevolent-looking man, with a shrewd twinkle in his eye, and a certain methodical way about his dress, his hair, and his whole person which led me to the conclusion that he was a "business man," probably in some of those mysterious places known as "Houses in the City." When we had gone some distance, I drew the shrewd man's attention (for I had mentally christened him the shrewd man) to a singular case of bank forgery recorded in the day's newspaper.

"It is a singular case, certainly," said he in a cheerful, pleasant voice, when he had glanced over the account, "but I have known many such; twenty years of banking life initiate a man into many such facts."

"Do you mean that you have yourself witnessed as strange attempts at fraud as this?" asked I.

"Certainly, sir, I know of one case far more singular, and I may say romantic, than any which are usually put in the papers."

I pressed him to tell the story, and even the other passengers joined in my request, the young man being apparently half-bored to death by his own vacuity, and the other completely overpowered by the intricacies of Bradshaw's agreeable tome.

"The story is a mere trifle," said the banker, "but I can vouch for its truth, and such as it is you are very welcome to it. Some of you, if you know London, may have noticed, some years ago, a woman who used daily to stand near the entrance of the Bank of England. It is a busy, noisy spot, as you know, and few people linger about there, but every one is running to and fro bent on some pursuit or other. Day after day, however, and week after week, no matter how hot the sun was on the glaring pavement, or how dismally the November fog and rain descended, the same female form, dressed in a quaint suit of black and with a head-dress resembling a nun's veil, was ever seen standing, or wandering disconsolately up and down, before the great gates of the Bank of England. Few people noticed her, except those who frequented the same place daily, and they often looked curiously at the pale, sad face, with its large, melancholy brown eyes, and the strange funereal dress which enveloped the woman's body. They noticed too, that she carried a small basket with her always, and that she would sometimes come forward hastily and murmur something about 'her papers,' and then shrink back with a wild frightened look. Many surmises were current about her. Some said she had been ruined in a law-suit and that it had turned her brain; others thought her money had been lost in some bank-failure, and that she lingered near the great bank, from a sort of fascination; one belief, however, was universal, and that was, that the poor woman was mad.

"I was at that time one of the senior clerks in the bank, and I felt a singular interest in the strange, sad-eyed woman, whom I saw daily on my way home. I noticed that punctually at a quarter past four, she left her place and started off in an easterly direction, doubtless, to her home; and on one occasion I determined to follow her. She took no notice of me among the crowd, and I was enabled to trace her to a small house, in a mean street in Whitechapel. Having seen her enter, I knocked after a few moments' consideration, and was received by a clean-looking old woman, who asked my wishes very civilly. I told her that I had been much struck by the continual appearance of the pale-faced woman in black, and that I was anxious to know if I could serve her and why she behaved so strangely.

"The old woman shook her head sadly, and said: 'Ah! sir, you're very kind to notice poor Miriam, and indeed, she's one that would attract attention, her story is a very sad one. If you will come in for a few minutes, you can see what her sorrow has brought her to.'

"I entered the house for I was really interested, and was shown into a small close room, which was, however, scrupulously clean, and adorned with flowers and a few poor trifles such as woman's taste supplies even under the meanest roof. In a few minutes the door opened and the object of my curiosity entered. She seemed about five and twenty years old, and was now that she had abandoned her black muffles a very pretty woman. Her face, however, was painfully and unnaturally pale and bloodless, and her lustrous eyes had a look of intense longing, mixed with a bewildered and frightened air. She bowed very gracefully to me, and asked me in a low, earnest voice: 'If there was a reprieve yet.' Entering into her humour, I told her, 'No, not yet.'

"Then I have killed him, my own, my dear one!" she cried in such a voice of agony that it thrilled through me, and sinking on a chair, she covered her white face with her hands. The old woman now came forward, calmed her after a while, and then led her from the room, and afterwards told me briefly the history of poor Miriam Gilbert.

"Few homes had been happier than that of Miriam Gilbert and her brother Edward. Edward Gilbert had for some years held a responsible position in a thriving bank, and was universally respected as an honest and steady man. He and his sister lived in a small cottage in the suburbs, which the womanly taste and sisterly love of Miriam converted into a little bower of flowers and pretty trifles, among which she busied herself all day, and was ever ready to greet her brother on his return from business in the evening. Gradually, however, a cloud stole over their hitherto happy home; Edward Gilbert was often absent during the hours which he formerly devoted to his sister; his manner, too, became restless and pre-occupied, and his once smooth temper was alternately moody and wildly excited. He was extravagant too, whereas he had once entrusted most of his slender income to Miriam's care. His sister was far too simple-minded, and far too confident in her brother's virtue, to suspect the real cause of these changes, and when the final blow came it was all the more overwhelming because unexpected. One evening a gig drove up to the door of the cottage, two men descended from it and asked at the door for Edward Gilbert. They were shown by Miriam into the room where her brother was lying upon a sofa near the piano at which Miriam had been playing. Edward Gilbert sprang to his feet with a hasty exclamation of alarm, when one of the strangers came forward and said in a quiet tone: 'Mr. Gilbert, I must arrest you on a charge of forgery, here is my warrant.'

"The unfortunate man turned pale, and staggering back, would have fallen, had not Miriam supported him. She was at first too astonished to understand the scene rightly, but when the truth dawned upon her, her astonishment gave place to anger, and her indignant denial of her brother's guilt, moved the hearts of the officers well accustomed as they were to scenes of misery. Edward Gilbert was examined on a charge of a long and systematic forgery, during which he had obtained more

than £3000, and was committed for trial. When the trial came on, the evidence against the prisoner, though of a strongly presumptive character, was not conclusive, and the counsel for the defence was in high hopes of an acquittal, when Miriam Gilbert was called as a witness. Her beautiful face, and sad, earnest look, created universal sympathy throughout the Court; but no sooner did she begin to give her evidence, than the prisoner's counsel perceived that she was the most dangerous witness they could possibly bring forward, and at once tried to get her out of the witness-box. The prosecuting counsel, however, a keen lawyer, at once commenced a careful and searching cross-examination, and soon drew from Miriam that she had been in the habit of watching her brother in his study, actuated by feelings of love and care lest he should be ill or in trouble, and had there seen him busied with writing, signing cheques which he afterwards used, and said were paid to him at the Bank. Miriam was so convinced of her brother's innocence that she described the appearance of these cheques minutely, never doubting that the evidence could effectually establish Edward's innocence. Her evidence was, however, conclusive, and left no doubt on the minds of the jury; the prisoner's counsel sat down with a significant look at his learned brother on the other side, and after the judge had summed up, the jury at once returned the fatal verdict, 'GUILTY,' against Edward Gilbert.

"At that time, death was the punishment awarded to the crime of forgery, and the prisoner was sentenced accordingly. To describe the wild sorrow of Miriam Gilbert, who was anxiously awaiting an acquittal, would be impossible. The shock was altogether overwhelming. She called herself her brother's murderer, and even the wretched prisoner, in the first agony of his sentence, accused his sister with causing his death. Before the fatal day arrived, however, Edward Gilbert confessed his crime, and tried to comfort his sister. But her young life had been blighted for ever, and before her brother expiated his crime by the too cruel sentence of the law, Miriam Gilbert was insane. Ever since that time she lived with an old and faithful friend—she who told me the story—and had ever haunted the Bank of England, filled with a vague notion that her brother's innocence must soon be established, and that she must draw money for him from the bank.

"I was able, with the aid of my fellow clerks, to lodge a small sum in the bank, which she or her companion drew regularly for some years, till at length I received a letter telling me that death had at length brought an end to Miriam Gilbert's sorrow."

Such was the story which the old banker told me; and as he left the train at the next station, the young man with the stiff collar suddenly awoke with a snort, and the pale man remarked, "it was a curious story—very!"

RALEIGH'S BIRTH-PLACE.

BY JAMES BOWKER.

THE little flag floating over the houses of the coastguardsmen, at the entrance to the village of Beer, dispersed all my dreams of the bold smugglers and unscrupulous traders, for which, in its more palmy days, that brave-hearted little place was famous. Looking to-day as innocent as a Quaker settlement, these houses once were the homes of men who feared nothing save the revenue cutter, and upon whose hands there was both wine and blood. Accepting the invitation to "rest and be thankful," painted upon a seat by some kind-hearted individual; I was soon joined by one of the men from the station, who in answer to my request, favoured me with a summary of the morality of the inhabitants of the straggling little rows of cottages.

"There isn't a man in it as hasn't helped a bit," said he; "but they have done now. We do find a tub or two occasionally, but the French merchants have been swindled so much, that they won't trust them any more. Why! that village, that poor little village, owes 'em thousands of pounds yet."

He smiled grimly and winked at me when I inquired if the villagers would ever pay their debts. Forty or fifty little fishing smacks, snugly perched upon the smooth beach, served to show that the Beerians—what a bibulous name—are now pursuing a more respectable and doubtless less profitable occupation, and I was surprised to learn that considerably over a hundred natives were at sea, on board men of war and merchantmen. The lads apprenticed to the fishermen often find their lot so hard that they make their way to Plymouth or Portsmouth and are heard of no more, the fear of a prosecution keeping them away from their birthplace; and from what we could gather as to the treatment to which they were subjected on board the smacks, and the almost nominal rate of remuneration received by them, the exodus was not in the least to be wondered at. Even into this quiet retreat, had Paterfamilias in search of health penetrated, and we could but approve of his choice, and at the same time admire the rich bloom upon the fair cheeks of his daughter. Open only to the sea, this little village has a beautifully mild climate, as was corroborated by the coastguardsman, who averred that "Beer was two monkey jackets warmer than Seaton." Its inhabitants of the gentler sex ought to be employed in lace-making, but the American war, so disastrous to those brave men and women in Lancashire, had thrown the dark shadow even here, and many were unemployed. An old gossip, who spoke to me, as I trudged past her door, boasted that Queen Victoria's wedding-dress was made by Beerians.

I regretted that the limited time at my disposal would not allow me to remain at Beer for a few days, for doubtless, there are those in the village who remember "Jack Rattenbury," and who could narrate their experiences of the old smuggling times, when Jack was their admiral. After a hard pull up hill and through some heavy turnip-fields, the road again led to the cliffs. In the extreme distance the bluff old weatherworn face of Portland just showed itself; and away westward the red cliffs near Sidmouth made a beautiful break in the long stretching line of white chalk. There is perhaps, no greater charm in a Devonshire ramble, than the sudden cropping up of snugly nestled villages, sleeping at the foot and under the shade of great cliffs; and I had not travelled far before the village of Branscombe thus came in sight. The road to it, however, was so slippery from the preceding day's rain, that it was only with the utmost difficulty that I could make my way to it from the elevation of about two or three hundred feet upon which I stood. Calling to mind, however, a way of descending the Swiss hills, I managed to escape with but few falls. The village church turned out to be a beautiful cruciform Gothic building, but the churchyard was knee-deep in grass, and the grave-stones were defaced and broken and thrown about in admirable disorder. One stone, bore the date "17 Maye 1629;" another had the inscription "Joan, wife of Ellis Carrel, 1622;" and upon one, evidently of much earlier date, in rude letters was this safe prophecy:

"STAY. PASSER. BY
A. WHILE. AND. READ
YOVE. DOOME. I. AM.
YOV. MVST. BEE. DEAD."

By the porch was one upon which could with difficulty be deciphered some words about a happy fellow dying "ye death of ye righteous . . . 1617." Surely these things are worthy of more respect. The same vandalism was observable in several Devonshire churchyards, and in one or two instances careful clergymen had permitted the old monuments to be used instead of bricks and paving-stones. Most likely many of these old villagers, wives of Ellis Carrel and others, who died the death of the righteous centuries ago, and now sleeping so quietly, untroubled even by the restless worms, never wandered out into the world, but were born, and lived, and died, within the sound of the little church bell. Their troubles are over, and ours are not—that is the only difference—yet we have one advantage, we live. Antony to-day, may wear a coarse jacket and hobnailed shoes, whereas, Shakespeare's Antony had most regal raiment; but the purple and fine linen is moth-eaten, and the ancient and royal Antony worm-eaten, and the modern Antony lives, looking as likely for life as any man need do. Cleopatra, to-day may be coarse-handed, and at times even coarse-tongued; but she lives, and unconsciously imitating her ancient prototype, can turn up her

nose,* if it is not already a *nez retroussé*, at her lover; whereas poor Cleopatra's nose, in almost impalpable dust, has been blowing about the earth for many a long year. Let us speak of her kindly though, for she was a "most sweet queen," and her death covered a multitude of her touching sins.

Up hill again, through a rich orchard in which men were gathering ruddy looking apples to be used in the manufacture of cider. Some old and seemingly deserted limekilns added to the loneliness of the scene. The rocky road ran about halfway between the water and the top of the cliffs. Caves admirably adapted for Robinson Crusoes, modern Timons, or even for pic-nic parties, have been formed in the chalk, either by the lime-burners or in some of Nature's madcap freaks, and in one of them two donkeys were snugly sleeping upon a heap of straw. It may be that constant residence within sight of such a view as that obtainable from this point had dulled their power of admiration, for as I disturbed them in passing their lair, they just looked up, and then began to eat their beds. Walking over this ground was of so harassing a nature that I began to regret Branscombe, and to imagine that I was destined to sink through weariness, without any St. Bernard dogs to save me. Fortunately a coastguardsman hove in sight, and by him I was directed to make for Sidmouth along the beach before the tide came in, as it would save me some weary miles. I took his advice, and like most advice given gratis, it turned out exceedingly dangerous. In the first place, walking upon the soft sand and the loose pebbles was even worse than upon rocks and clay. No doubt the coastguardsmen found it easy enough, for "use is second nature" and they were not burthened with a knapsack containing their wardrobe, library, and toilet-table belongings. I got over about half the distance, when, although geology is a dead letter to me, I stopped to admire the peculiar formation of the cliffs towering upon my right. They were of a beautiful red, with rich layers of glittering quartz and spar. Unfortunately for myself, more time was spent in geologizing than I was aware of. Sidmouth was as yet a couple of miles away, and the tide was rolling in almost to my feet. I could not turn inland, for the cliffs were quite perpendicular, and towered some eighty or a hundred feet high. I sincerely believe that my "organ of vanity" is not very largely developed, and I know by painful experience that face to face with danger and probable death, I can be calm and collected; but suddenly the life lately held at almost "a pin's fee" seemed to possess an infinite value, and I could scarcely restrain a sharp cry. I tried to run, but it was of

* Poor G. W. Curtis in that poetical book, "Nile Notes of a Howadji," says, in speaking of a portrait of Cleopatra found in the temple she erected for the worship of Amon, at Erment: "The features are quite small. The nose, which seems strongly to mark the likeness, departs from all known laws of nasal perfection, and curves the wrong way. O Isis, and O Athor, Greek aphrodite, if Cleopatra had a pug nose! Yet it is more pug than aquiline, or Grecian, a seemingly melancholy occurrence in a face so famously fair."

no avail ; at every step I sank up to my knees in the yielding sand, and it became evident that I should soon sink from sheer exhaustion if I continued the labour. The tide crept up and left only a foot or two of sand uncovered between its deadly water and the insensible rocks. Then came a half sad thought that my rambles were over. Some people have said that when in apparent nearness to death they have thought of all their sins. I could not do so, perhaps as was the case with Don Cæsar de Bazan, the time was too short for me to recal them to memory ; but it appeared as though, hope, fear, and even regret itself faded into the overwhelming minute. Then came a moment of strange weakness, during which I eagerly watched the dashing waves, and noticed how much nearer the tide rolled to me ; but when the water washed over my feet, all the dear clinging to life resumed its sway, I seemed to have something left to hope for and live for, and life itself seemed as holy and fair as maidenhood. Once again I tried to run, and this time with success, for the in-creeping waters had driven me close to the cliffs, and I could jump from one detached piece of rock to another. It was dangerous work, and once or twice I longed to get rid of the knapsack jolting at my back at every step, but I remembered that it contained letters and papers by which I should be known in case the deep claimed me. I was fast failing for want of breath and strength, and felt as those weary travellers do who make their beds in the cruel snow, willing to resign myself to my fate rather than continue the painful exertion, when suddenly turning round a projecting cliff, I saw that my lease of life was once more extended, for, before me was a beautiful beach and the white esplanade of Sidmouth glittering in the sunshine. I flung myself upon some logs of wood, and never had I rested upon a bed so soft, for I knew that they were out of the reach of the remorseless deep. As I passed up the hill through Sidmouth, a deep sense of thankfulness took possession of my soul, and threw a halo of rich beauty upon every little flower blooming by the wayside, tinting the cliffs and the grand sea with indescribable glory. Lamartine, in his autobiographical story of "Graziella," alluding to his emotions upon beholding Vesuvius, finely says : "*Un nuage sur l'âme couvre et décolore plus la terre qu' un nuage sur l'horizon. Le spectacle est dans le spectateur ;*" and I felt the truth of his expression, for although before this escape my heart had been turned to the splendour of the prospect, now all Nature, from the great rolling sea and the solemn cliffs down to the least flower and leaf, seemed beautiful even to tenderness. Some day we shall know the meaning of this strangely aroused sympathy, the longing, and yearnings, and the clearer insight given us by the nearness of death, and we shall understand His wisdom and pitying love, for as poor David Gray sweetly sung just before his death :

" When the well-known and once embraceable form
Is but a handful of dust, the soul
Grows in divine dilation, nearer God."

The cliffs near Sidmouth were almost covered with beautiful heather and furze in full bloom, and it is said that in this part of Devon upwards of six hundred kinds of flowering plants may be gathered. The scene was darker owing to the cliffs being red, with but an occasional patch of chalk. At this point I had to diverge and go across some fields in which men were ploughing, in an Eastern fashion, with oxen. Down a beautiful green lane, and I entered Otterton, some of the cottages being almost hidden by climbing roses. Making my way to the "King's Arms"—O poor W. M. Thackeray, one of thine own Georges!—the hostess, who turned out to be a "wyffe of Bath" so far as regarded a succession of husbands, relieved me from my burdens, and promised to let me have dinner and tea combined in a few moments. Then came a soft interval of slippers, and *bras de chemise*, after which the blooming landlady brought in the evening meal. It is due to her to say, that the ham would have tempted a Jew to abjure and revile the faith of his fathers. The house was one of those old-time inns, the carousing portion separated from the visitor part by a court-yard. I could hear the sound of distant rural revelry, inspired shouts sent forth by the genius of cider; and occasionally a lung shifting laugh at some sally of ready wit; but I was shut up in a little room, richly and plentifully decorated with pictures of high-flyers, and samplers after the favourite old pattern, and with peacocks' feathers, and birds' eggs in profusion.

As I sat taking my meal the village children, attracted moth-like by the unusual light, came in crowds and pressed their chubby faces against the windows, flattening their noses and otherwise disfiguring themselves in their anxiety to see a stranger. At length, however, as the shades of evening fell upon the quiet little street, and lights began to twinkle in other windows, one by one the children wandered home, leaving me in peace. And then came the sweet sad-eyed starlight, and the thoughts "too deep for tears" of days gone by. Your little face—*ma petite*, to whom, without permission, I dedicate these memories—had not dawned upon me at that time, or my thoughts would have been less sad. As it was a rippling haunting flood of music filled the air, and swelled around the house, for the branches of the brave old trees in front were waving their harmonious responses to the mysterious invocations of the wandering night winds. The bed-room into which I was ushered was decorated with models of stage-coaches upon which sat serious looking coachmen and guards, the latter having their lips glued to cardboard bugles; a few full rigged ships, a case of stuffed birds; and the family library—consisting of a large Bible with its long list of births and deaths, "The Young Man's Best Companion," a Directory of Devon, and a few editions of old Walkinghame—doubtless the literary remains of all the landlady's successive husbands, an "In Memoriam" on a large and rather unpleasant scale, when taken in connexion with the many sepulchral looking closets, into which I looked before plunging into bed, all round the immense room. The bed was a very bed of Ware, too large

to sleep in, for every now and again legs and arms went away into its infinite depths, and seemed as though they never meant to return. I am not more nervous I hope than any other frail individual who reflects upon his past, and if a real and veritable ghost had appeared at the foot where the curtains were folded up I should have taken its arrival as something belonging to the establishment, and to be charged for in the bill. Never was there a room so calculated to give one the night-mare. Thanks, however, to a somewhat callous nature, I fell asleep, to awake with the sunlight glancing into the room, and some unfortunate servant giving despairing knocks at the door.

For once in my life, I arose with a definite purpose. Hays Barton I must needs see, for it was the birth-place of a man whose head rolled into a "red leather bag" for his country's sake, a man whose age was also that of Shakespeare, Spenser, Drake, Frobisher, and Queen Elizabeth, the maiden who boxed men's ears, ordered their executions, and died of very love for their sakes.

A rapid walk down a rich Devonshire lane brought me to a point where four cross roads met. The finger-post was of a very peculiar and instructive kind, being a square obelisk, surmounted by a stone cross. On the side facing the east, in addition to the names of three towns, was the inscription: "O that our ways were made so direct that we might keep thy statutes;" on that facing the west, four other names of towns, and "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace;" on the side facing the north four names, and the words: "O hold thou up our goings in thy paths, that our footsteps slip not;" and upon the south side three names and the text: "Make us to go in the paths of thy commandments for therein is our desire." The date of erection was 1743. At a little distance down the lane there stood a small building, "Salem Chapel, 1719."

A shower of rain coming on, I took shelter in a little wood-stack by the roadside. Two very black pigs were getting a precarious livelihood out of the grass by the hedge. The rain pattered away upon their sable backs, but secure in their possession of waterproof hides they grubbed on not heeding the war of the elements. Now of all things in the world, I dearly love a pig, and if there is any truth in the transmigration doctrine I should prefer a turn at the swinish life. Many a pig have I known intimately I may say, able to beat a dozen common-council men so far as wisdom was concerned. The thorough genuineness of the piggyish character, with the utter absence of anything like cant or affectation, the pig's love of dirt, without any protestations that he prefers cleanliness, and his thorough employment of his capacities, all prepossess me in his favour; therefore I lit my pipe and sat up on a log to watch their movements. Pig No. 1 looked up inquiringly at the sky, and gave a chest note expressive of extreme displeasure. Pig No. 2 gave an imitation of the grunt. Pig No. 1 wagged his apology for a tail, and crossed the road, keeping his little eyes fixed upon mine; No. 2 followed.

They then put their heads together, evidently exchanging notes on my personal appearance; bellicose or peaceful. I could not do less than make way for them, so both entered the wood-stack. "Piggy, come piggy," said I as coaxingly as possible. No. 1 looked doubtful. No. 2 looked grave. Again I made an appeal to their finer feeling, upon which No. 1 came closer, and I immediately devoted myself to the scratching of his back, lifting him into the seventh degree of happiness, if the porcine physiognomy is to be relied upon. Pig No. 2, evidently possessing a disposition fit only for a man, became quite jealous. He tried to attract my attention by grunting and groaning, and rubbing against my leg; but I was engaged and could not attend to him. Suddenly he began to sniff at my boot-toe, then tried to bite it, and, of course, failed. Another sniff this time at my stocking, and the calf of my leg was between his teeth. Up went my stick—I forgot my love of pigs, my admiration of the swinish character, all the hopes I had placed in the transmigration doctrine—and down it came upon his back. Off No. 1 fled as though to fetch the police or the doctor, No. 2 puffing and blowing behind him, as I shouted after them in the most unfeeling manner: "Ye pigs, I devoured part of your mother yesterday, at Otterton."

After passing through the mud-hut village of East Budleigh, the *Bodely* of the Normans, with its old churchyard gates well locked, I came in sight of Hays Barton, the birth-place of Sir Walter Raleigh. There is only one house, but that was Raleigh's house. Born in 1552, before his death he had been scholar, warrior, courtier, statesman, and navigator, giving us Virginia potatoes and tobacco. The story of his marvellous life would be out of place here, rather let me allude to his death. Falsely accused of treason, he was sentenced to death; and upon the scaffold his behaviour was in keeping with his life, brave and open as the daylight. He said: "I have a long journey to go, therefore, will take my leave." Then putting off his gown and doublet he called for the axe, but the headsman hesitated to bring it, whereupon he exclaimed: "I pray thee let me see it; dost thou think I am afraid of it." Calmly feeling the edge of it, with a quiet happy smile, he observed to the Sheriff, "This is a sharp medicine, but it is a physician for all diseases." Then he prayed the multitude to ask God to assist and strengthen him for the final scene. Some of the officials asked him which way he would lay himself, and upon which side of the block; to which he replied, as he laid himself down: "*So the heart be right, it is no matter which way the head lieth.*" With two blows the headsman took his life, "his body never shrinking or moving," says an old eye-witness of the scene. The brave old head was then exhibited upon each side of the scaffold, and rolled into a red leather bag, and his body, over which his "velvet gown," had been thrown, placed in a "mourning coach of his lady's." His last letter reads like the death-song of a brave good man:—"I would not with my will present you sorrows, dear Bess; let them go to the grave with me and be buried in

the dust. . . . Your mourning cannot avail me, that am but dust. . . . Teach your son also to serve and fear God whilst he is young, that the fear of God may grow up in him; then will God be a husband to you and a father to him; an husband and a father that never can be taken from you. . . . Seeing that it is not the will of God that I shall see you any more, bear my destruction patiently, and with a heart like yourself. . . . I cannot write much; God knows how hardly I steal this time, when all sleep; and it is also time for me to separate my thoughts from the world. . . . Beg my dead body, which living was denied you, and either lay it in Sherborne, or in Exeter church by my father and mother. . . . I can say no more. . . . Time and death call me away. . . . My dear wife, farewell; bless my boy; pray for me; and let my God hold you both in his arms.—Yours that was, but now not mine own.

WALTER RALEIGH."

The house in which he was born is a beautiful half-timbered Elizabethan country house standing opposite a beautiful wood, and in the midst of a rich expanse of meadows and orchards. The deepest silence reigned around, and looking at the quaint doorway, with its seat in the porch; the little windows, and especially that of the room in which *he* was born, it was easy to imagine the boyhood and youth of the illustrious Raleigh. It was sad to think that from this rustling greenwood, from this quiet old house, from this winding lane, the *Via Dolorosa* led away to the scaffold and the "red leather bag." What dreams of fame and of glory, what wild hopes for the people's weal, what vain hopes, as they proved to be, must have flitted through the youth's mind ere he left this sweet scene for the troublous life at court, in camp, and on the great deep. Some tasteless resident was evidently engaged in "improvements," altering the appearance of the house by erecting modern chimneys and making many other alterations, and even growing cabbages and carrots and turnips in a garden in front. It seemed like sacrilege; but as tastes differ so much, the owner may imagine that he is adding to the beauty of the place.

"What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba?"

I plucked a few flowers to serve as memorials of Hays Barton, and lit my Virginian weed as a tributary sacrifice to the memory of Raleigh.

MAURICE:

A BORDER LEGEND.

A SINGULAR and romantic story is embodied, or, I should rather say embedded, in the ponderous manuscript folio now before me. I once performed the feat of reading the entire volume, but this is an achievement not lightly to be adventured upon; and indeed the penmanship is so crabbed, the etymology so extraordinary, and the transitions of the disjointed narrative so perplexingly abrupt, that I anticipate considerable difficulty in endeavouring to retrace and sketch the merest outlines of my story.

Apart from the few biographical sketches contained in it, the book is mainly of antiquarian and local interest. Its very history is a little Border romance of itself, and might form an instructive page in the annals of literature. It was once carried off, along with more precious booty, by a thievish Southern, who fortunately dropped it in the Tweed, as he attempted to wade across the Border; and, in truth, it bears ample evidence of the immersion to this day.

The author of this M.S. (whoever he may have been) seems disposed to be both cynical and satirical. He asserts roundly, for instance, that nobody in his time but a fool or a knave need think to thrive in the city of Edinburgh: and he insinuates that such a state of things, being the natural result of officialism and dependency, constitutes the permanent phase of society proper to our forsaken capital. I fear that this atrabilious old scribe may also have been a heretic in his way, for he inveighs pointedly against the all-engrossing political and ecclesiastical complications of his times, in which some men, from a disguised love of power and an inflated opinion of their own wisdom, thought to subject the thoughts and sentiments of their fellow-men to the regulation of their own "petty traditions." It is a favourite maxim of our author that "man is the same in all ages;" and certainly whatever may be said of the progress of society in particular respects, it must be admitted that in ecclesiasticism and pedantry (except in the modification of names) there has been little perceptible *progress* during the last four hundred years. But as I have neither the desire nor the intention to discuss the political or religious opinions of this ancient penman, I shall straightway proceed to recount briefly the incidents of the narrative to which I have devoted these pages—giving some account of a youth who "flourished" in Edinburgh more than three hundred years ago.

Maurice, Josephus, and Thom—such they must be called, for I am quite unable to say whether these were their Christain names or merely

their unchristian-like surnames—were, in the year 1540, members of the seminary which the fraternity of Blackfriars had established, for the good of the Church, in the metropolis of Scotland. They had spent many days together in the acquisition of such scraps of knowledge as their fussy preceptors had to bestow upon them ; and many nights too, at the sign of the *Jolly Bacchus*, in dedicating liberal drink-offerings, with all due ceremony, to the presiding divinity.

We have here a few curious glimpses of student life in the olden times, to which it might not be impossible to instance modern parallels. In those days, however, there were no policemen. The Town-guard was a military organization, composed mainly of mercenary and idly-disposed Highlanders. Its members were therefore looked upon as the natural enemies of those mercurial youths who made amends by their nocturnal freaks for the dull monotony of their daily life. The Highlanders indeed had no personal or official sympathy for such disorderly frolics, and were always extremely ready to make a seizure on the slightest possible pretences. It would appear, however, that in cases of emergency, their bodily agility was by no means commensurate with their professional zeal, for several instances are recorded in which our three friends had to run races for their personal freedom with the members of the city guard, and in all cases they seem to have escaped. These escapes from justice may be supposed to account for several singular occurrences which are hinted by our author, merely as matters of mystery concerning which even the Provost is said to have acknowledged that he was completely in the dark.

In one dangerous adventure, Josephus and Thom seem to have been deeply concerned, for they are said to have celebrated the anniversary for several years afterwards in mysterious recesses of the *Jolly Bacchus*. A copy of the "Skeddle," as it is called, which was drawn up on this occasion, by the Prior of St. Andrew's is still preserved. It appears from this curious document that, on the night in which the King (James V.) and "she of Guise," entered the city, Josephus and Thom had the consummate audacity to storm the Nunnery of St. Margaret de Placenzia, and among other instances of wanton mischief, which are all elaborately catalogued, it is said that the image of the patron Saint, which was regarded as a perfect model of art, was sadly singed and disfigured by having a lighted candle stuck in her mouth by the sacriligious depredators.

The morning sun not unfrequently rose upon them unawares when engaged in grotesque orgies over the spoils of the night ; and their private apartments in the precinct of Blackfriars were curiously decorated with relics, and hard-won trophies of that old and legitimate warfare, which in some form or other has been waged from time immemorial between *Town and Gown*.

Their joint adventures, no doubt, tended to cement the friendship of the three youths ; and although any permanent separation would have

been deprecated by themselves as a very serious misfortune, yet there were others, not excepting the city-guard, who were privately of opinion that such an event would contribute not a little to the peace and quietness of the ancient borough.

Youthful freaks are perhaps among the things which "remain the same in all ages," and they have not been altogether unheard of in recent times; but so far as our three friends, or our readers, can be in any way concerned, these and all other manifestations of human energy pass away for ever to be speedily forgotten.

Maurice was intended (by his friends of course) for the church; but partly from a leaning towards the more enlightened doctrines of the German Reformers, and partly from a desire to pursue a more active and manly mode of life than that which the clerical profession afforded, he resolutely declined to take orders.

At that time the state of opinion in the country was far too unsettled, and the paucity of men of talent in the church far too conspicuous to allow the brotherhood of Blackfriars either to deal harshly, or to part with their refractory pupil; they therefore agreed to make use of such mild measures as were likely to weaken Maurice's supposed attachment to the new doctrines, and to win him over finally to their order. Maurice's cousin, Eustace, had recently been appointed Superintendent of the Church of the Sacred Heart, in the Merse, and it was thought that the influence possessed by this good priest over his relative might be successfully exercised for the benefit of the Church. Maurice was accordingly despatched from Edinburgh without knowing very well why his pleasant city career should have been cut short so unexpectedly.

Travelling, at that time, must have been somewhat slower than in this age of railways, for it was only after three tedious days that Maurice arrived at Berwick-upon-Tweed, whence a ride of thirteen miles brought him to his destination.

The Church of the Sacred Heart was situated near the banks of the Whitadder. This river, like its sister stream, the Blackadder, derives its name from the appearance of its *waters* when flooded; for on such occasions these two rivers acquire respectively a whitish and a dusky hue, and the origin of their names is still apparent in their local designation of the *Whit'atter* and the *Black'atter*.

On the right bank of the Whitadder, about a dozen miles from its mouth, is Dunse-Law, and two miles further up, on the same side, is Cockburn-Law, two hills of considerable altitude. Between these, but on the other side of the river, is Stanes-hill—an eminence appropriately so called, for it is entirely covered with stones, if indeed it is not wholly composed of the same unfruitful material. The Whitadder sweeps in succession round the base of each of these three hills, and the scenery at this part of its course is peculiarly beautiful and romantic. The left bank of the river opposite Dunse-Law is steep and rocky, affording a

charming view-point whence may be traced for miles the onward course of the river, and where, also, on the west, are presented to the eye the secluded holms and overhanging ridges of a more varied landscape.

On this elevated position, high, but not hilly, stood the Church of the Sacred Heart. It was dedicated to St. Mary, and had been founded by the Abbot of Kelso, about the middle of the thirteenth century. It is said that when this old Abbot was recreating himself one day on the Whitadder by the practice of the primitive and "gentle art," he had found or fished up some miraculous sort of image of the Sacred Heart, and that he founded the church to St. Mary to commemorate the event. The pool where this remarkable capture is supposed to have been made is deep and rocky, and is still known in the neighbourhood by the fantastic looking title of "Angle-my-heart."

St. Mary's was not a parochial institution, but was maintained by the wealthy abbacy of Kelso, as a centre of missionary agency among the wild borderers, whose irregular mode of living, and equally uncertain way of dying, rendered the presence of a priest a matter of some importance, and of frequent need.

And if useful, this chapel was not the less an ornament to the district. Indeed no one can visit any of the ruined Abbeys of this country without admiring both the taste and wisdom which the old monks have shown in choosing for their magnificent buildings, not only the most beautiful, but also the most advantageous positions—invariably selecting those spots where, from natural advantages, thriving towns either existed or were likely to spring up and prosper.

Around the Church of the Sacred Heart gathered the poor, then followed that numerous herd who subsist on the necessities of their neighbours; and thus the population of the little village went on increasing, until, at the date of our story, it could not have numbered less than three hundred inhabitants.

The Church of the Sacred Heart was somewhat too lengthy an appellation for ordinary use of the thick spoken people of the Merse; and the village was usually called *the Priest's town*—a title still preserved in Preston, the modern name of the place.

Prieststown consisted of a single main street, extending from the church towards the river, and nearly a quarter of a mile in length. In the middle of this street stood the cross—one of the few structures of the kind of the veritable form indicated by its name. Nor had the good people of Prieststown followed the example of certain other boroughs, where that emblem of religion, placed midway between the church and the market, was regarded, like the statue of Janus of old, as the legitimate symbol and rendezvous of hypocrisy and fraud. Thus, the cross of Edinburgh was long the open resort of all those whose designs upon their neighbour's property were usually disguised under the extremely indefinite designation of *business*: and indeed I have often thought that its "dull destroyer" must have had a special capacity for business (as

well as for practical satire), who, to show that he was more than a match (even in their own line) for those who used to discuss their petty transactions around its base, actually stole the whole affair, and so cleverly too that nobody to this day knows what has become of it.

Of the old cross of Prieststown, the shaft alone remains; it may still be seen at Preston farm, where it has been set on end and preserved by the proprietor. The walls of the Church are entirely ruinous, and fast crumbling to dust. The remains of a small traceried window, similar to one in the Ladye Chapel in Kelso Abbey, and of exquisite proportions, served for many years to remind the wanderer of former days and of the ancient elegance and beauty of this forsaken shrine. Of the village itself, not one stone remains upon another: the ancient churchyard alone is left—our only abiding institution—and its crumbling tombstones are watched over as of yore by rows of ancient stately elms, which have seen at least ten generations seek their peaceful shadow.

How changed since 1540! On a summer evening of that year Maurice arrived from Berwick, in company of two ecclesiastics who were on their way to Abbey St. Bathuns, a few miles further up the river.

The scene presented to his view as he reached the high ground on which the village stood was one of singular beauty. Behind him stretched for miles the fertile vale of Whitadder which he had traversed, and here, where that valley terminated, broken up into picturesque dells, it seemed as if Nature had reserved for her favourites a retreat among these hills from the uncongenial turmoil of the city.

Before him lay the village: and that quietness which we seem to listen to reigned supreme, for indeed the mingling hum of children or the reverberating clang of the smithy did in no way mar the all-pervading serenity of Nature, but tended rather to make it more distinctly felt and impressive. The smoke of evening fires curled peacefully up among the levelled beams of the declining sun, telling of the quiet and comfort which surrounded the hearths of the frugal and industrious poor. And there, as the sentinel of this little outpost of humanity, rose the shapely tower of St. Mary's waiting to summon the simple-hearted worshippers to the sacred duties of evening prayer.

And Eustace was the guardian spirit of this peaceful scene, watching, with the solicitous and tender care of a father, over the spiritual wants of an undivided family.

A thousand crowding impressions were not lost upon the sensitive mind of Maurice as he gazed for the first time on this living picture of retirement and quiet felicity. Indeed he found himself reconciled at once to a mode of life as new to his chequered experience, as it was noble in the simplicity of Nature.

Maurice's residence at Prieststown promised well for the success of the scheme which his relatives entertained. He appears to have become seriously attached to his new position, making the discovery of a lifetime

that the heart of man is capable of higher alliances than those which attach to frivolity, and of a nobler devotedness than is inspired by either the pleasures or successes which allure the vulgar.

Alas ! that such hopes and aspirations should be suddenly blighted. We may mourn, but dare not repine at the death of early promise. The melancholy retrospect of our loss prompts us to cherish and to share the virtues of the departed, and we thank Heaven that so many true and genuine young hearts have been "made one with Nature," and embalmed amid the remembrances of mankind.

Five weeks after Maurice's arrival at Prieststown, he received an unexpected but not the less welcome visit of his old associate Thom.

Thom had accompanied the forces of his ever ready old relative the Warden, then lying at Greenlaw ; and as the Border was at that time unwontedly quiet he had received prolonged leave of absence.

Thom might have found some difficulty in making his stay at Prieststown agreeable or even tolerable to a person of his erratic disposition and temperament had not Maurice turned to good account his fertile powers of entertainment for the amusement of his friend. Accordingly, on the day after Thom's arrival, it was proposed, as an initiation to the pleasures of rusticity, that the afternoon should be devoted to a piscatory expedition on the Whitadder. "The gentle art," was Maurice's favourite amusement, and the Whitadder has for centuries afforded ample scope for its practice. In ordinary circumstances, however, "the art" was little to Thom's taste. As a cure for heartache he had been known to set out from Edinburgh amidst the most dismal storms of wind and rain, to fish patiently all day to no purpose ; but on the present occasion he speedily got tired of an occupation, which at best, he was disposed to regard as a poor apology for idleness. We may therefore suppose that he experienced an uncommonly exhilarating sense of relief when the time came for the discussion of those good things which they had brought with them, carefully selected from the cellar and larder of Father Eustace.

For this purpose—ever agreeable on the Whitadder—as well as for the advantage of a cheerful prospect, Maurice and Thom clambered up the high and rocky bank at the pool of *Angle-my-Heart*, and seated themselves on the overhanging eminence.

Opposite to the point which our friends had selected ; but on the opposite side of the river, stood the Tower of Prieststownhaugh, the residence of an ancient family of the name of Riddell.

In those good old times every man's house was in sober truth his castle, and even a regular state of siege was by no means uncommon. Prieststownhaugh was a peel readily defensible ; but its present condition seemed to indicate that its inmates were under no apprehension of immediate danger ; and, indeed, the district had for years been almost totally exempt from the inroads of the English borderers.

The very appearance of this gaunt turretted mansion was of itself

sufficient to arouse the curiosity of Thom, and his desire to know more about the place was no way diminished, when he beheld, as fortune would have it, a young and handsome maiden walk to some distance from the house, and return with what seemed a goblet of water.

On that day, anything so unromantic as *fishing* was not again to be thought of, for Thom declared, not only that the young woman whom he had seen was surpassingly beautiful, but that he had resolved on making her acquaintance forthwith. And in truth, he was not at fault in praising the comeliness of the damsel, for the beauty of Marion Riddell was celebrated throughout the Merse, and had gained for her the flattering *sobriquet* of "*the Rose of Prieststownhaugh*." Nor was the enthusiasm of his friend entirely lost upon Maurice himself, who was neither insensible to the charms of beauty, nor proof against the attractions of an adventure.

After much fruitless cogitation concerning the most feasible means of introducing themselves at Prieststownhaugh—many impracticable plans having been discussed and rejected—the facile genius of Thom suggested a scheme which he profounded with much enthusiasm. He resolved in short to get up an accident on his own account by deliberately falling into the pool beneath, and proposed that Maurice should drag him out, and conduct him to Prieststownhaugh, soliciting that aid to the unfortunate which can always be asked and bestowed without much ceremony or explanation.

The very absurdity of the plot recommended it to Thom's native recklessness, while its fondly anticipated success and possible results fairly captivated his imagination. He intended, he said to be unwell and feverish to-morrow; and if his nurse were the angel he hoped she might be, he expressed his determination not to get better for a week at least.

The scheme was at once approved of, and immediately put into execution. In a minute Thom was in the pool, heartily over head and ears, and up again at the other side awaiting the preconcerted aid of his friend; and Maurice, getting across the river at the neighbouring ford, lost no time in rendering him not unneeded assistance. He conveyed his dripping companion to Prieststownhaugh, where Marion, whom they met on the doorstep, was the first to afford an unaffected welcome to her unknown and pitifully disguised admirer. And if Thom's heart for a moment misgave him as to the undignified, and even ludicrous appearance which he presented on his first visit to Prieststownhaugh, the entire kindness of their reception at once revived their wavering hopes, and the friendly commiseration bestowed upon Thom actually made him feel ashamed and almost sorry that he did not really deserve it.

Marion's mother especially interested herself in promoting the comfort of the unfortunate angler, and by her orders he was conducted to a sleeping apartment, well enough in itself, but to Thom's way of think-

ing provokingly out of the way, and much to near the roof of the house. She was, moreover, most assiduous in her precautions to ward off a thousand unhappy consequences which she predicted might arise from the ducking to which, as she little dreamt, Thom had voluntarily subjected himself; and so after administering certain comforting remedies, she gave him strict injunctions to keep a-bed till to-morrow.

Unhappily for our adventurer, there was now not the faintest hope of Marion becoming his nurse after all, for the good old lady was little conscious that her own antiquity was the only serious infliction under which her patient was likely to suffer. The "realities" of the case began slowly to impress themselves painfully on his mind, and to put his dreams to flight. The fact that he was perfectly well in bodily health, and that at the same time he was confined to bed—the success of his scheme being thus rendered impossible—speedily convinced Thom that his adventure was a mistake, so far as he was personally concerned; and he soon began to feel as miserable as one may well be in a garret, while the object of all his anxieties is in the cheerful hall chatting gaily with his rival. As such a state of things was by no means pleasant, Thom would have got up and away; but he had no clothes, and he could not well go hunting about the old house in search of them. There might have been a possibility that his prospects would brighten in the morning, but even that seemed so indefinitely remote that he was little inclined to rely upon it; and at last bravely resolved to rectify his mistake by forgetting it, and to free himself from its unpleasant associations as speedily as possible.

Our adventurous angler must indeed have felt—as many a poor trout had felt before him—"completely caught;" for here he was, landed high and dry enough, but utterly disappointed of the delicious morsel he had dived at. He may even have consoled himself in learning a needful lesson, that man's most cunning devices are often the direct means of defeating their own object; but he determined to treat the matter lightly, resolving meanwhile, that next time he went fishing for anybody's *heart* in the pool opposite to Prieststownhaugh, he would not be quite so egotistical in the selection of his bait.

The tedious hours passed lazily along, as Thom waited and "wearied" for the morning, till at length, hoping, perhaps, that Maurice had gone home, he fell fast asleep to dream of happier scenes.

Fate seemed disposed to be as propitious to Maurice, as she was adverse to his friend; for the old squire had clearly taken a liking for him, and he was fain to think himself not altogether indifferent to Marion herself. Early in the evening, a messenger had been despatched to Prieststown, to inform Father Eustace that his friends would not return till next day; and Maurice and his hospitable entertainer seemed equally disposed to prolong their pleasant fellowship till morning. Two heartier companions, young and old, could not have been found in the wide Merse than were that night seated at

their cups at Prieststownhaugh. Riddell related, with the vivacity peculiar to his temperament, the scenes and circumstances of his adventurous youth; and Maurice, to whom the history, and heroism of other lands were familiar, proved himself a congenial and entertaining guest. For although a scholar, and at home amongst the learned, yet under all circumstances Maurice knew well how to promote the sentiment expressed in that favourite chorus "*Vive la compagnie*," which in days of yore had so often awaked the echoes of the *Jolly Bacchus*.

When at length Maurice and Squire Riddell were about to retire—parting with many assurances of mutual regard, for indeed both were delighted to have discovered a congenial neighbour—they were startled not a little by a long and clear *halloo* which might have aroused the neighbourhood. Maurice at once recognized the voice of his imprisoned friend, and, wondering what new frolic was thus announced by that eccentric youth, made the best of his way to the garret. On entering that apartment he found its occupant in a state of nudity and excitement in the middle of the floor. "The English are crossing the Tweed. Farewell to—" said Thom abruptly, and away he went, without further explanation. He meant, I daresay, to have said "farewell to Marion," whom he had scarcely seen, and "farewell to her mother," whom he wished devoutly he had never seen, and "farewell to angling in the Whitadder opposite to Prieststownhaugh;" but he left all this unsaid and set off in search of clothes and a horse, eager for the excitement of a Border forray.

Thom, on awaking, had found the door of his room fastened outside, and so, to relieve the tedium of the morning hours, and to divert his thoughts from unpleasant retrospection, he had got out of bed to see what could be seen out at the *sky-light*—a prospect usually more extensive than amusing—and his curiosity had been fully rewarded and even gratified by the sight of an extensive fire in the direction of Cockburn Law. This he unhesitatingly supposed to be the beacon-fire, which had so often, from that hill, heralded a Border raid; and, eager for any enterprise more venturous and manly than the performance of absurd somersaults in the Whitadder, he had resolved to allow no considerations to impede his immediate departure for the scene of action.

Maurice also saw the fire; but it was not the beacon, for it seemed rather as if Henshaw Tower was in flames: yet before he could announce the true cause of alarm, Thom had taken horse and was on his way to Greenlaw, to join the Warden's forces.

The Laird of Henshaw was reputed to have killed a Northumberland squire of the name of Fenwick, in a recent encounter at Berwick-upon-Tweed; and when Riddell observed the flames, he at once surmised that a party of Fenwicks—all notable freebooters—had paid a visit to his neighbour, for the purpose of avenging the death of their kinsman, and, fearing lest they might be tempted on their return to call at Prieststownhaugh, he busied himself and everybody else in providing

a suitable reception for their unpleasant attentions. His anticipation proved too true, but his preparations for defence altogether inadequate; for in less than half an hour the house was surrounded by a numerous band of English troopers. The stables were first emptied; the tower was then attacked, and after a brave but bootless resistance it was at the mercy of its assailants. The hall was speedily plundered of such articles of value as could be conveniently carried off. The great staircase was resolutely defended to the last by Maurice, for he supposed it to be the only way of access to the women's apartments, and gallantly disputed the passage, single-handed, against all comers. At length, to his no small astonishment, he observed that Marion had been led off captive by the leader of the English, who had obtained an entrance to the tower by the postern door. Maurice now surrendered himself as eagerly as he had formerly fought; and his captors ignorant of his motives, and in hope of future ransom promptly accepted his submission as a prisoner. The rieviers having secured a large amount of booty, hastily retreated thereupon towards the Whitadder, leaving Prieststownhaugh to its utterly disconsolate inmates.

The heir of Henshaw had also been made prisoner; and he and Maurice were mounted on horseback and carefully guarded, in the centre of the troop, as they rode off towards the Border—Marion's horse being in the rear, alongside that of the leader, who, no doubt, wished to retain her as his own special prize.

Fenwick, who commanded the English, was a notorious riever—as were nearly all of his name—and an outlaw on both the Marches. He had in former times been a terror to the Border-side, having committed ravages in all directions, and was possessed of an extraordinary faculty of misleading and baffling his pursuers. Maurice who had surrendered himself prisoner in the hope of being able at whatever risk to rescue Marion, now became painfully conscious of the utter hopelessness of such a task. There was a possibility, but nothing more, that the alarm which no doubt Thom would persist in spreading despite all contradiction might be the means of intercepting Fenwick and his party, but the rapid pace kept up by the English troopers, and the darkness of the night left little hope that pursuit, however expeditious, could be successful.

The troopers on reaching the banks of the Tweed plunged into the darkness of the river, and the horses well accustomed to such feats, bore them safely across the stream. On reaching English ground there was a halt and breathing-space for man and horse: meanwhile the dark clouds that had hitherto obscured the moon broke up heavily, and the welcome light enabled Maurice to look around for Marion. He had already been separated from young Henshaw, and he discovered that the freebooters were about to disperse in different directions, by the secret orders of their leader; but neither Marion nor Fenwick were to be seen. A cry of "help" at that moment proceeded from the

Scottish side which thrilled his very soul, and on looking across the Tweed, the glimmering moonlight, which had shown Marion her separation from her friends and its dangers, enabled Maurice to comprehend at a glance the perils of her situation and of his own. For two boats had been moored closely under the Scottish bank of the river, and Fenwick having placed Marion in one of these, was now engaged in sinking the other, lest it should enable his pursuers to follow him to his retreat. Maurice saw this, and a hope of rescue flashed upon his mind and aroused all his energies, for now or never could she be saved for whom he would willingly sacrifice his life.

Not an instant was to be lost, nor did Maurice hesitate. Freeing himself at a bound from the trooper, who held him in charge, he sprang towards the thick shadowy brushwood which overhung the bank of the Tweed, and next moment he was in the river, unfollowed, unobserved.

Maurice was an expert and powerful swimmer, and a few swift strokes brought him—unseen even by Marion herself—alongside the boat, at the moment when Fenwick was unfastening its moorings in order to row down the Tweed.

To spring into the boat, and grasp the astonished robber by the throat, was the work of an instant.

At this critical juncture was heard, along the northern road, the rattle of approaching hoofs, but the resolute borderer, unwilling to relinquish either his captive or his own liberty without a struggle, closed all the more fiercely upon his assailant.

Contrasted with his stunted thickset antagonist, Maurice was a giant in stature and muscular power; and in a fair field his superior strength and agility would have secured him an easy victory over the moss-trooper, who was formidable only in the saddle; but in this swift and deadly grapple, these advantages were of little avail, owing to the narrow and precarious footing which the boat afforded: nevertheless, Maurice maintained his vantage, encircling his foe in a grasp of iron. Twice, indeed, had he brought the stubborn borderer to his knees, and again did he bear him back irresistibly towards the prow, when the freebooter, who had maintained his grasp with the ferocity of a tiger, mustering his fast-failing energies in one convulsive effort, hurled his antagonist overboard.

They fell and sank together—never to rise again; and the dimpling eddies of the Tweed settled smoothly over their watery grave.

Marion had fainted, and was altogether unconscious of the tragedy which had been enacted, when Thom and a small party who had followed the track of the robbers arrived in time to rescue and restore her to Prieststownhaugh.

Thus was Marion saved.

Thus too perished a noble heart; and his friend, sorrowing over his untimely death, but prouder still that he had ever lived, raised a cairn by Tweedside to the memory of Maurice.

Current History of Literary and Scientific Events.

SEPTEMBER 1ST.—THURSDAY.

Statue to Shakespeare.—It is proposed to raise funds by a penny subscription for a shrine and statue to Shakespeare on Primrose Hill at a cost of £2400. The Urban Club seems to give the plan its sanction, and Mr. Phelps is the President. After the two signal failures of the London and Stratford Committees, the gentlemen who form the council and executive committee of this "Penny Memorial" must certainly possess a greater amount of enthusiasm than is usually assigned to practical Englishmen.

The Decorations of Westminster Palace.—The report of the Commission appointed to consider the agreements with the artists engaged on the wall paintings of Westminster Palace has been printed. The Commission think a further sum of £3000, in addition to the £3000 he has received, should be paid to Mr. Herbert for his "Moses," etc., and that the contract as to the remaining eight pictures should be cancelled and a new contract entered into. They recommended that Mr. Machlise should receive £10,000 in all for his two paintings already finished, instead of £7000, the sum agreed upon; the contract for the remainder to be cancelled and a new contract entered into. Messrs. Cope and Ward had eight pictures each to execute for £600 each. Mr. Cope has completed six and Mr. Ward five. They are recommended to complete the remainder with all convenient speed, and that they be paid £100 additional for each picture. Mr. Dyce's work was left incomplete at his death, and the Commission do not think the state of things calls for further interference. The Commission express the opinion that in future there should be no deviation from a contract entered into, believing that nothing would more effectually discourage the country from giving important commissions to artists.

SEPTEMBER 2D.—FRIDAY.

The New Chapel of St. John's College, Cambridge, which is being erected from the designs of Mr. G. G. Scott, is to have a massive stone tower as a substitute for the *flèche*, or wooden spire, as originally proposed; Mr. Hoare, the banker of Fleet Street, having, in the most handsome manner, presented the tower to his college of which he was a distinguished member.

The Highest Mountain in Britain.—A new measurement of Ben Macdhui and the other mountains of the Cairngorm group, has just been made by the Royal Engineers, presently engaged upon that part of the Ordnance Survey of Scotland. Ben Macdhui, which was formerly supposed to be 4390 feet in height, is now set down at nearly 100 feet less than that, viz., 4296. Some years since Ben Macdhui was supposed to be seventeen feet higher than Ben Nevis, the height of which was then put down at 4373. Ben Macdhui was therefore at that time authoritatively stated to be the highest mountain in Britain. Since then, however, the tables have taken a turn, and Ben Nevis would now appear

to be by far the higher of the two. The Ordnance Survey of Ben Nevis, so far as we are aware, has not yet been made; but taking its height at the old measurement of 4373 feet, and Ben Macdhui at its newly ascertained height—viz., 4296 feet—Ben Nevis appears by this calculation to be seventy-seven feet higher than the highest of the Grampian range. The difference is still greater in favour of Ben Nevis, if we accept its height as being 4406, as marked in a map lately published by Messrs. Chambers in Milner's "Gallery of Geography." Braeraich is set down in the new survey at 4248. Cairntoul, which was formerly believed to be 4245 feet in height, is now taken down five feet, and made 4240. The height of Benabour is fixed at 3923 feet.

SEPTEMBER 3D.—SATURDAY.

The Exhibition of Pictures by French Artists, in Pall Mall, will close on the 21st inst. About two-thirds of the pictures are marked as sold; and altogether the exhibition has been a great success.

Cutting a Lion's Claws.—The Brussels journals give an account of a curious surgical operation just performed on the great African lion belonging to the Zoological Society of that city. For some time past the animal has been suffering from disease in the feet, which necessitated the cutting of its claws. In order to do this without danger, a large box was prepared with a grated bottom, covered by a wooden floor, which could be withdrawn so as to allow the lion's feet to pass between the bars. The top of the box was also made to descend by means of screws so as to press on the animal and prevent it from drawing in its feet. When the lion had entered the box, the latter was turned on its side and the sliding-bottom withdrawn; the paws then slipping between the bars, and the screws above were tightened. M. Thiernasse, assisted by five pupils of the Veterinary School, then proceeded to cut away the claws. The patient bore the operation tolerably well, only uttering a short roar occasionally, and seemed relieved when the first paw had been cut and dressed. A keeper, to whom the lion is much attached, sat near its head and endeavoured to calm it by talking, evidently not without effect. The operation was successfully performed, and there is every reason to believe that the cure will be complete.

An Equestrian Statue of the late Prince Consort, in bronze, by Mr. Thornicroft, was unveiled on Saturday last at Halifax. Sir Charles Wood, one of the members for the borough, and Sir F. Crossley, one of the members for the Riding, were present with the Mayor, upon the platform in front of the statue, during its inauguration.

SEPTEMBER 4TH.—SUNDAY.

SEPTEMBER 5TH.—MONDAY.

Trajan's Column.—Copies of the bas-reliefs of Trajan's column at Rome, bronzed by the galvanoplastic process, have been placed in the Galerie Napoléon III. of the Louvre—so arranged that the column appears to have been divided into eight equal portions, each seven or eight yards in height. This will enable artists and archaeologists to study these bas-reliefs in their chronological order.

Bishop Colenso and the Inspiration of the Bible.—Bishop Colenso has addressed the following letter to the editor of the *Guardian*:—"Sir,—In your leading article of August 10, you have asserted that I have 'denied the inspiration of the Bible.' This is calumny which has been repeated, and which, I suppose, will be repeated unto the end, by those who are not careful to speak the strict truth. I once more protest emphatically against this unfair and unfounded charge. I have never denied the inspiration of the Bible. I have said this already on page 18 of my Part III., and I now repeat it, and add further that none of my

writings have given a shadow of reason for making such an assertion as the above. I fully believe that the Bible *is* inspired, and I have spoken, in my Part I., page 13, of the 'special working of God's Spirit on the minds of its writers.' But I do not believe that every statement of the Bible is so inspired as to be *infallibly true*. I do not believe, as the Bishop of Capetown does, that 'the whole Bible'—every line and letter of the Chronicles, Esther, the Book of Job—'is the *unerring* Word of the living God.' I trust, sir, that, after this positive contradiction on my part, you will not again repeat a statement which is utterly untrue.—J. W. NATAL."

"22 Sussex Place, Kensington, August 11, 1864."

SEPTEMBER 6TH.—TUESDAY.

Sources of the Nile.—Dr. Miani has been visiting Gotha, Leipzig, and Berlin, and making preparations for another expedition to explore the sources of the Nile and the countries of the Lake district. A public subscription has been opened for the purpose among the merchants of Trieste, from whence the expedition will start, and also amongst those of Venice and Alexandria. The Emperor of Austria has given the doctor one hundred rifles, with sufficient ammunition, stores—shoes and articles of clothing—to meet all the requirements of Miani's escort. It is hoped that the Austrian Parliament will grant the 6000 florins towards the expenses of the expedition, which it refused last year to the Government. The Roman Catholic Mission-house at Khartum will be the base of Dr. Miani's operations; and a wealthy German resident of that town has offered to bear one-fourth of the expenses of the expedition, and to accompany it in the character of botanist. The botanical gardens attached to the Mission-house at Khartum are very extensive, and are planted with all kinds of tropical plants and trees. M. Kirchner, one of the chief missionaries, has been engaged for some years in preparing a dictionary of the Bari language, and various other languages spoken on the banks of the White Nile, all of which bear some affinity to it, and to the language of the Wakaufi, spoken in Equatorial Africa.

A Blind Printer.—The editor of the *Green-Castle Banner* says he found a curiosity in a printing-office at Gosport. One of the gentlemen connected with the establishment is a blind man, and sets up types remarkably well. He is the first blind printer he ever came across. He stated to him that his average day's work was 5000 ens, and that on several occasions he set from 7000 to 9000 ens. His letter is distributed for him, and his copy read by his partner, his memory being so perfect that he can retain from four to six lines; when this is finished he cries the last word "set," when another sentence is read, and thus continues on during the day.

SEPTEMBER 7TH.—WEDNESDAY.

Abyssinia.—That successful adventurer Theodore, the sable emperor of Abyssinia, some time since demanded, through the English Consul at Massowa, the hand of her Majesty Queen Victoria in marriage; and, because no favourable answer has been received, he has imprisoned the Consul. M. Lejean, the French Consul, who for some other cause was a prisoner on parole, has been expelled the country by an imperial decree, and has lately reached Alexandria. He states that the English Consul is not only in prison, but is kept in irons.

Explorations of the Niger.—According to "*Galignani*," the French exploring expedition to trace the course of the Niger, under MM. Mage and Quentin, had reached Segou. Lieutenant Mage is well-known from his previous explorations of 1859 and 1860.

The Law of Copyright.—The "*Stationer*" of this month goes fully into the merits of the recent copyright decision of Vice-Chancellor Kindersley, in the important case of *Low v. Routledge*. "We cannot sympathize," says the writer, "with

the main objection raised to it, that 'it is unfair because it gives an American author an advantage over an English one.' It is true that an English author cannot take up a residence so easily, and at so small an amount of inconvenience in the 'States,' as a native of Boston, Mass., can do in *British America*; but this is a geographical 'circumstance' against us more than counterbalanced by the fact that Boston publishers themselves recognize arrangements made with English authors, and do not require them to cross the Atlantic to secure their rights (which according to an American law-book—'Bouvier's Institutes'—they could do, exactly as it is now decided can be done by American authors on this side); and we may well ask why Mr. Longfellow should not be able to make as safe an arrangement with an English publisher as Mr. Tennyson makes with his Boston publishers, Messrs. Ticknor, who publish 'Enoch Arden' as unmolested as the Messrs. Moxon do in Dover Street. Another, but subordinate objection is made, that 'an English author risks his own copyright if he publishes abroad first. This does not touch the present question; at the same time it may be worth correcting the dictum. The English author's right we apprehend to be a natural one, and not acquired by any legal procedure. The entry at Stationer's Hall is in itself not a power, only a *proof*, necessary to produce in Court. Some years back the plea urged against the copyright of some of Samuel Lover's songs—that he first published them in America during his sojourn in that country—was overruled. We believe that no work of an English author can ever be published here against his consent, or unless he has at some time been a party to such publication. Some of our most prominent authors have, to our own knowledge, published works abroad that have not yet appeared in this country."

SEPTEMBER 8TH.—THURSDAY.

The Brothers Jean and Hubert Van Eyck.—The King of the Belgians has, during the past week, inaugurated at Maeseyck a statue to the celebrated brothers Jean and Hubert Van Eyck, both of whom were born in that town. The statue is of marble, and is by M. Wiener, who has received the grade of officer of the order of Leopold as an acknowledgment of the value of his design and workmanship. Part of the programme of the inauguration consisted of the performance of a new cantata, composed expressly for the occasion by M. Van Dooren, to words by M. Corepelens. It is well spoken of and was loudly applauded.

Professor Veitch, of St. Andrews, has been elected to the Chair of Logic in Glasgow University.

SEPTEMBER 9TH.—FRIDAY.

An Enormous Iron Plate.—Messrs. John Brown & Co., of the Atlas Works, have succeeded in rolling an iron plate, six feet by seven feet, and thirteen and a-half inches thick. The idea of manufacturing so enormous a plate originated, we believe, with Captain Inglis, of the Royal Engineers, with a view of ascertaining if it would be desirable to protect casemates with such a powerful covering. The plate has been forwarded to Shoburness, where it will be exposed to a very trying test.

A Tax on Crinoline.—A Paris letter says:—"An ecclesiastical commission sat this week to decide on the increased tariff for the chairs hired to ladies in the churches and chapels of Paris, it having been proved to demonstration that in a space which ten years ago accommodated a hundred persons but thirty-seven can now find sitting room. Naturally an enormous deficit in the church revenue has been the result. The conclusion of the board of inquiry has been that as one crinoline takes the place of three individuals, the rent of chairs ought to be raised in proportion. In a church of Alsace it has been already decreed that wearers of crinolines should pay 1*l.* for low mass, and 1½*l.* for grand mass.

The Comets.—Donati's comet, discovered on the 9th of September, bids fair to become, as remarked by M. Radau in the "*Moniteur Scientifique*," Comet I., 1864; for its perihelion was reached on the 27th of July, which places it before the others discovered on the 5th July and 23d July, which reached their perihelion on the 11th of October and August 15th respectively. There is no reason for supposing this to represent an extreme case, and it would seem to point out that the order of discovery would be a better one to follow. Can the point be decided by anything less than a congress of astronomers? If so, let all comet-hunters at once place their favourites on an equal footing with the less erratic denizens of the sky—the asteroids, to wit—and number them in the order of discovery. The original Comet I. has reached the southern hemisphere, and Mr. Tebbutt, of Windsor Observatory, New South Wales, has communicated some observations of it to the "*Astronomische Nachrichten*." The original Comet II. has also crossed the line, and been observed at Santiago by M. Moesta, who watched it when at perihelion (15th August), and anticipated a near approach on the 9th of September. The agreement between M. Moesta's elements, deducted from his observations in the southern hemisphere and those calculated from the northern observations, is very striking. At Santiago there was no trace of a tail; but, *en revanche*, the nebulosity surrounding the nucleus was one degree in diameter.

SEPTEMBER 10TH.—SATURDAY.

Proposed Memorial of the late Captain Speke.—Sir Roderick Murchison has addressed a letter to the *Times*, in which he says:—"My geographical friends and myself have resolved to bring about the erection of a suitable monument to commemorate the exploits of a man who, of all Europeans, first crossed central equatorial Africa from south to north, with his companion Grant, and who (setting aside all disputes respecting the source of the Nile) unquestionably determined the existence and position of the great water-basin whence the Nile flows. At the recent meeting of the British Association at Bath, I suggested to the geographers and ethnologists over whom I presided that we should call for such a memorial, and the suggestion was warmly applauded by a very crowded assembly."

A Family of Rattlesnakes at the College Museum.—There is now to be seen in the Natural History Museum, at the College, Edinburgh, a very remarkable and interesting sight—namely, two female and one male full-grown rattlesnakes, and a brood of nine young ones. They were caught at Luzerne county, Pennsylvania, by Mr. Thomas Waddel, formerly of Newbattle, Mid-Lothian, who brought them over and presented them to the Museum.

SEPTEMBER 11TH.—SUNDAY.

SEPTEMBER 12TH.—MONDAY.

Queen Margaret's Vintage.—At the recent State dinner at Copenhagen, a certain quantity of Queen Margaret's vintage, four centuries old, was produced, according to custom on State occasions. It is stated that plenty of sugar is required to make it palatable; "even then," adds a person who tasted the ancient drink, "we only cared to do so for curiosity's sake."

American Method of Propagating Peach Trees.—Mr. Robert Harwell, Mobile, gives the following results of his practice: "I propagate all my peaches by grafting, beginning in November or December, and if the stocks and grafts are good, and the grafting well done, I do not lose over five in a hundred. I have my grafting done at the house (the fireside we suppose), and plant the grafts like cabbage plants. I formerly budded, but found it very troublesome, and have entirely abandoned it."

SEPTEMBER 13TH.—TUESDAY.

Casket or Crystal Cube Miniature.—The latest discovery in portraiture is an invention styled by the patentee the "Casket or Crystal Cube Miniature," by which a solid image of your head is, by some new development of the photographic art, seen looking with a strange living reality from out the centre of a small cube of crystal, every feature standing out in as perfect relief as though chiselled by the hands of fairy sculptors.

Paris Streets.—About 200 of the streets of Paris are undergoing a change of name.

SEPTEMBER 14TH.—WEDNESDAY.

The British Association met this day at Bath. The president, Sir Charles Lyell, Bart., was supported by the following vice-presidents—The Earl of Cork, Lord Lieutenant of Somersetshire, the Marquis of Bath, Earl Nelson, Lord Portman, the very Rev. the Dean of Hereford, the Ven. the Archdeacon of Bath, Mr. W. Tite, M.P., Mr. A. E. Way, M.P., Mr. F. H. Dickinson, and Mr. W. Sanders. The personnel of the Sections is as follows:—

(A.) *Mathematical and Physical Science.*—President—Professor Arthur Cayley, F.R.S., V-P.R.A.S., Sadlerian Professor of Mathematics in the University of Cambridge and Correspondent of the Institute of France. Secretaries—Professor Stevelly, LL.D.; Professor H. J. S. Smith, F.R.S.; Mr. Fleeming Jenkin, C.E.; and Rev. George Buckle, M.A.

(B.) *Chemical Science.*—President—Dr. Odling, F.R.S. Secretaries—Professor Liveing, Mr. A. Vernon Harcourt, and Mr. R. Biggs.

(C.) *Geology.*—President—Professor Phillips, F.R.S., F.G.S., Professor of Geology in the University of Oxford. Secretaries—Messrs. H. C. Sorby, F.R.S.; W. B. Dawkins, F.G.S.; and J. Johnston.

(D.) *Zoology and Botany, including Physiology.*—President—Dr. J. Edward Gray, F.R.S. Secretaries—Messrs. E. Percival Wright, M.D., F.L.S.; H. T. Stainton, F.L.S.; and C. E. Broome.

(Sub-Section D.) As usual, a Physiological Section, under the presidency of Dr. Edward Smith, F.R.S. Secretaries—Messrs. W. Turner, F.R.S.E., and J. S. Bartrum.

(E.) *Geography and Ethnology.*—President—Sir Roderick I. Murchison, K.C.B., G.C.St.S., D.C.L., F.R.S., Director-General of the Geological Survey of the United Kingdom. Secretaries—Capt. R. M. Murchison, Messrs. Thomas White, Clements R. Markham, and W. C. Bates, Assistant-Secretary Geographical Society.

(F.) *Economic Science and Statistics.*—President—Dr. William Farr, F.R.S. Secretaries—Messrs. F. Purdy, E. Macrory, and E. T. Payne.

(G.) *Mechanical Science.*—President—Mr. J. Hawkshaw, F.R.S. Secretaries—Messrs. P. Le Neve Foster and Robert Pitt.

SEPTEMBER 15TH.—THURSDAY.

OBITUARY.—Captain Speke came to a sudden and violent death this day, while shooting in the neighbourhood of Box, Wiltshire. Captain Speke was thirty-eight years of age.

SEPTEMBER 16TH.—FRIDAY.

A Musical Instrument of Earthenware.—A curious specimen of earthenware of the fifteenth century has just been discovered in the village of Ozon, near Chateherault (Vienne). It is an opicleid, the body of which is made of the sort of majolica for which Tuscany was so celebrated about the year 1500. The three letters A R O are barely distinguishable on the inside of the instrument; the other letters are almost completely obliterated. The keys of the instrument are made of wood hardened at the fire, and the mouthpiece is made of a metal much resembling aluminium.

SEPTEMBER 17TH.—SATURDAY.

Bull-fighting.—The soft sex in Spain have taken to bull-fighting, three ladies of Murcia having entered their names as professional bull-fighters for the town.

Abused Skill.—An engraved plate, seized at Verona, and with which bank-notes of 1000f. have been manufactured, has reached Turin. It has been executed by a German engraver, after five years' labour, and those who have seen it say that it is a masterpiece, which might on occasion replace the real plate. The notes are falsified with such perfection that the directors of the bank who signed the genuine notes can with difficulty detect the forged ones.

SEPTEMBER 18TH.—SUNDAY.

SEPTEMBER 19TH.—MONDAY.

Gun-Cotton.—At the last meeting of the French Academy, M. M. Pelouze and Maurey presented a long memoir on gun-cotton, in which they state their opinion—which results from their long examination—that that explosive compound, if better known as far as its composition, mode of production, and properties are concerned, is still, with regard to its employment in fire-arms, in the same position as it was in 1846. "Nothing in fact, authorizes us to believe that it is possible, in the present state of our knowledge, either to prevent its spontaneous combustion or to correct in a practical manner its liability to burst the weapons at present used for gunpowder."

SEPTEMBER 20TH.—TUESDAY.

Mahomedan Literary Society.—The *Hindoo Patriot*, of the 27th June, publishes the proceedings of the first annual meeting of the Mahomedan Literary Society. This Society, which owes its origin to the zealous efforts of Moulvee Abdool Luteef, was originally established as an experiment; and, knowing the dislike of the Mahomedans for European knowledge and science, and the absence of organized effort among them for any useful or literary purpose, there were many who did not feel very sanguine of the success of the new institution. The *Patriot* adds: "The single-minded zeal of Moulvee Abdool Luteef has rendered the Society a decided and complete success. With a view to hold out to the Society every encouragement in our power, we readily and cheerfully opened our columns to its monthly proceedings; and it affords us not a little satisfaction to see what was originally started as an experiment is now a *fait accompli*. The Mahomedan community is deeply indebted to Moulvee Abdool Luteef for this laudable and enlightened undertaking, and we are not a little glad to see that his effort has been seconded by equally worthy men. Moonshree Ameer Ali and Moulvee Azin-Ooddeen Hossein took an active part at the last annual meeting in giving the Society a permanent footing; and we hope they will not relax their zeal in furthering the good work, which is calculated much to improve their national prospects in India, and materially benefit the rising generation of Mahomedan youth."

SEPTEMBER 21ST.—WEDNESDAY.

Invention.—M. Deiss, one of the largest manufacturers of bisulphate of carbon in France, has invented an apparatus containing hydrate of lime, which absorbs the waste sulphuretted hydrogen given off during the process. At the suggestion of M. Payne, M. Deiss has substituted for the lime sesquioxide of iron mixed with sawdust. The products resulting are water and sulphur, the latter being recovered by simple washing with bisulphide of carbon and subsequent distillation. The oxide of iron is then calcined, and is once more ready for use. The idea has, of course, been taken from the method of gas purification, now adopted by many companies, but the application is new.

SEPTEMBER 22D.—THURSDAY.

Preserving Eggs.—M. Burnouf recommends in "*Le Bétier*," a French journal of agriculture, the following method of preserving eggs :—Dissolve in two-thirds of warm olive oil one-third of beeswax, and cover each egg completely with a thin layer of this pomade with the end of the finger. The egg-shell by degrees absorbs the oil, and each of its pores becomes filled with the wax, which hermetically seals them. M. Burnouf affirms that he has eaten eggs kept two years in this manner in a place not exposed to too great extremes of temperature. He thinks also that the germ may in this manner be preserved for a considerable time.

SEPTEMBER 23D.—FRIDAY.

Funeral of Captain Speke.—Captain Speke was buried this day in the family vault in the church of Dowlish Wake. Sir Roderick Murchison, Dr. Livingstone, and Captain Grant were among the mourners.

SEPTEMBER 24TH.—SATURDAY.

Glasgow School of Mines.—We learn from the "*Mining and Smelting Magazine*" that the Glasgow School of Mines is to be abandoned, the anticipated subscriptions from the coal and ironmasters not having been forthcoming. This result has been long foreseen; and a similar fate may soon be expected to overtake the two or three institutions of a similar character which are now dragging on a precarious existence in some of our mining districts. The subject of the practical education of our mining population is one of great importance; and everything which can in any way tend to the development of the usefulness of the Central School in Jermyn Street should be warmly welcomed.

SEPTEMBER 25TH.—SUNDAY.

SEPTEMBER 26TH.—MONDAY.

Sources of the Nile.—In the recent number of the *Gazzetta di Venezia* M. Miani bids farewell to his countrymen, and announces his approaching visit to the sources of the Nile. One-fourth of the expenses of the expedition will be defrayed by Madame Schweinfurth of Berlin. Another fourth has been subscribed in Europe; and the rest, it is hoped, will be forthcoming in Egypt. In any case, however, the journey will be made, as Count Baveni has guaranteed 50,000 francs. Might not England do something?

SEPTEMBER 27TH.—TUESDAY.

National Welsh Eisteddfod.—The great National Welsh Eisteddfod was held this week at Llandudno, in a splendid pavilion erected for the occasion, calculated to accommodate 6000 persons. In his address, Mr. Bulkely Hughes, the president, said: "The origin, I believe, of this institution was what was called a Gorsedd, or council of bards. That council of bards not only made laws and regulations for themselves, but at that time for nearly the whole country. The Gorsedd ceased to have existence about sixty years after the birth of Christ. The Eisteddfod succeeded the Gorsedd; and it is a very singular and a very interesting coincidence that, within one mile of the place where they were now met, the first Eisteddfod was held, presided over by the then king of North Wales. At that Eisteddfod the bards were assembled in poetical contest." It was his firm conviction that that meeting would date 1800 years ago, and it had been continued, without interruption, he might almost say, until this day. The usual demonstrations then took place, poems were recited, and prizes awarded.

SEPTEMBER 17TH.—SATURDAY.

Bull-fighting.—The soft sex in Spain have taken to bull-fighting, three ladies of Murcia having entered their names as professional bull-fighters for the town.

Abused Skill.—An engraved plate, seized at Verona, and with which bank-notes of 1000f. have been manufactured, has reached Turin. It has been executed by a German engraver, after five years' labour, and those who have seen it say that it is a masterpiece, which might on occasion replace the real plate. The notes are falsified with such perfection that the directors of the bank who signed the genuine notes can with difficulty detect the forged ones.

SEPTEMBER 18TH.—SUNDAY.

SEPTEMBER 19TH.—MONDAY.

Gun-Cotton.—At the last meeting of the French Academy, M. M. Pelouze and Maurey presented a long memoir on gun-cotton, in which they state their opinion—which results from their long examination—that that explosive compound, if better known as far as its composition, mode of production, and properties are concerned, is still, with regard to its employment in fire-arms, in the same position as it was in 1846. “Nothing in fact, authorizes us to believe that it is possible, in the present state of our knowledge, either to prevent its spontaneous combustion or to correct in a practical manner its liability to burst the weapons at present used for gunpowder.”

SEPTEMBER 20TH.—TUESDAY.

Mahomedan Literary Society.—The *Hindoo Patriot*, of the 27th June, publishes the proceedings of the first annual meeting of the Mahomedan Literary Society. This Society, which owes its origin to the zealous efforts of Moulvee Abdool Luteef, was originally established as an experiment; and, knowing the dislike of the Mahomedans for European knowledge and science, and the absence of organized effort among them for any useful or literary purpose, there were many who did not feel very sanguine of the success of the new institution. The *Patriot* adds: “The single-minded zeal of Moulvee Abdool Luteef has rendered the Society a decided and complete success. With a view to hold out to the Society every encouragement in our power, we readily and cheerfully opened our columns to its monthly proceedings; and it affords us not a little satisfaction to see what was originally started as an experiment is now a *fait accompli*. The Mahomedan community is deeply indebted to Moulvee Abdool Luteef for this laudable and enlightened undertaking, and we are not a little glad to see that his effort has been seconded by equally worthy men. Moonashee Ameer Ali and Moulvee Azin-Ooddeen Hossein took an active part at the last annual meeting in giving the Society a permanent footing; and we hope they will not relax their zeal in furthering the good work, which is calculated much to improve their national prospects in India, and materially benefit the rising generation of Mahomedan youth.”

SEPTEMBER 21ST.—WEDNESDAY.

Invention.—M. Deiss, one of the largest manufacturers of bisulphate of carbon in France, has invented an apparatus containing hydrate of lime, which absorbs the waste sulphuretted hydrogen given off during the process. At the suggestion of M. Payne, M. Deiss has substituted for the lime sesquioxide of iron mixed with sawdust. The products resulting are water and sulphur, the latter being recovered by simple washing with bisulphide of carbon and subsequent distillation. The oxide of iron is then calcined, and is once more ready for use. The idea has, of course, been taken from the method of gas purification, now adopted by many companies, but the application is new.

SEPTEMBER 22D.—THURSDAY.

Preserving Eggs.—M. Burnouf recommends in "*Le Bêlier*," a French journal of agriculture, the following method of preserving eggs:—Dissolve in two-thirds of warm olive oil one-third of beeswax, and cover each egg completely with a thin layer of this pomade with the end of the finger. The egg-shell by degrees absorbs the oil, and each of its pores becomes filled with the wax, which hermetically seals them. M. Burnouf affirms that he has eaten eggs kept two years in this manner in a place not exposed to too great extremes of temperature. He thinks also that the germ may in this manner be preserved for a considerable time.

SEPTEMBER 23D.—FRIDAY.

Funeral of Captain Speke.—Captain Speke was buried this day in the family vault in the church of Dowlish Wake. Sir Roderick Murchison, Dr. Livingstone, and Captain Grant were among the mourners.

SEPTEMBER 24TH.—SATURDAY.

Glasgow School of Mines.—We learn from the "*Mining and Smelting Magazine*" that the Glasgow School of Mines is to be abandoned, the anticipated subscriptions from the coal and ironmasters not having been forthcoming. This result has been long foreseen; and a similar fate may soon be expected to overtake the two or three institutions of a similar character which are now dragging on a precarious existence in some of our mining districts. The subject of the practical education of our mining population is one of great importance; and everything which can in any way tend to the development of the usefulness of the Central School in Jermyn Street should be warmly welcomed.

SEPTEMBER 25TH.—SUNDAY.

SEPTEMBER 26TH.—MONDAY.

Sources of the Nile.—In the recent number of the *Gazzetta di Venezia* M. Miani bids farewell to his countrymen, and announces his approaching visit to the sources of the Nile. One-fourth of the expenses of the expedition will be defrayed by Madame Schweinfurth of Berlin. Another fourth has been subscribed in Europe; and the rest, it is hoped, will be forthcoming in Egypt. In any case, however, the journey will be made, as Count Baveni has guaranteed 50,000 francs. Might not England do something?

SEPTEMBER 27TH.—TUESDAY.

National Welsh Eisteddfod.—The great National Welsh Eisteddfod was held this week at Llandudno, in a splendid pavilion erected for the occasion, calculated to accommodate 6000 persons. In his address, Mr. Bulkely Hughes, the president, said: "The origin, I believe, of this institution was what was called a Gorsedd, or council of bards. That council of bards not only made laws and regulations for themselves, but at that time for nearly the whole country. The Gorsedd ceased to have existence about sixty years after the birth of Christ. The Eisteddfod succeeded the Gorsedd; and it is a very singular and a very interesting coincidence that, within one mile of the place where they were now met, the first Eisteddfod was held, presided over by the then king of North Wales. At that Eisteddfod the bards were assembled in poetical contest." It was his firm conviction that that meeting would date 1800 years ago, and it had been continued, without interruption, he might almost say, until this day. The usual demonstrations then took place, poems were recited, and prizes awarded.

SEPTEMBER 28TH.—WEDNESDAY.

John Clare, the Poet.—A Memorial is about to be erected by public subscription over the grave of poor John Clare at Helpston, in Northamptonshire. The late Lord Spencer granted a yearly pension of £10 to the poet, which is continued by the present Earl to the widow.

SEPTEMBER 29TH.—THURSDAY.

Dr. Edward Vogel.—The Government has given £500 to the maiden sister of the late Dr. Edward Vogel, who was murdered in Central Africa whilst travelling for the Foreign Office, giving his services gratuitously. Dr. Vogel was born at Crefeld in 1829, and studied botany and astronomy at Leipzig, under Kunze and D'Arrest. His botanical papers were published in the "Bonplandia," and his dried collections of plants are preserved at the British Museum.

SEPTEMBER 30TH.—FRIDAY.

Madrid is to have a grand national museum; and a sum of no less than forty millions of reals has been granted for the purpose.

SHAKESPEARIAN MUSEUM.

A temporary SHAKESPEARIAN MUSEUM, to contain old editions of the Poet's Works, or any tracts or relics illustrative of them, has been formed at Stratford-on-Avon. Mr. HALLIWELL is actively engaged in collecting for this object, and he will be glad either to receive as presents for the Museum, or to purchase, any articles suitable to be preserved there. Persons owning any Shakespearians, would much oblige by communicating with "J. O. HALLIWELL, Esq., No. 6 St. Mary's Place, West Brompton, London, S.W."

23 DE 64

A

PU
Journ
curren
exten
copiou

T
Gentr
the di
OPIN

B
Busin
the g
may
sacrif
enun
all in
quest

T
of soc
class,
the d
the m
Artis
while
caluo

in 2
post
New
Ord

0

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,

32 Pages, PRICE TWOPENCE,

PUBLIC OPINION.

A Comprehensive Epitome of Fact and Opinion.

PUBLIC OPINION gives the Comments of the various leading Journals—British, Colonial, and Continental—on all important current topics, an elaborate summary of Contemporary Events, an extensive selection of General Miscellaneous Intelligence, and a copious variety of Literary and Popular Reading.

To Politicians, Editors and Authors, the Nobility, Clergy and Gentry, Merchants and Manufacturers, and all who take an interest in the discussion of Political, Social and Commercial Questions, **PUBLIC OPINION** is invaluable.

British Residents on the Continent and in the Colonies, Men of Business, and persons who are desirous of acquiring a knowledge of the great questions that are ever engaging the attention of society, may obtain in **PUBLIC OPINION** (for a trifling sum, and at a small sacrifice of time) a judiciously-compressed *resumé* of the sentiments enunciated by the various leading Journals throughout the world on all important topics, thus obtaining a knowledge of every important question in all its various phases.

TO ADVERTISERS.

The extensive circulation attained by PUBLIC OPINION amongst all classes of society, renders it a valuable Advertising Medium. Appealing to no restricted class, but to the great body of persons interested in the discussion of the topics of the day; aiming to interest alike the Politician, the Clergyman, the Student, and the man of Business, it is peculiarly adapted for Advertisements of a Literary, Artistic, or Scientific nature, the announcements of Assurance Companies, etc., while its lighter pages, attractive to the various members of families, render it a valuable medium for general commercial firms.

SCALE OF CHARGES FOR ADVERTISEMENTS.

Four Lines and under,	£0 2 6
Each Additional Line,	0 0 6

The Annual Subscription to **PUBLIC OPINION** (post-free, *Payable in Advance*) is 13s. It is published in time for Friday evening's post, and sold at all Railway Book-stalls and by all Booksellers and News-agents throughout the Kingdom and the Colonies. Post-office Orders to be made payable to J. K. SHARPE, Publisher.

OFFICE : 11 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

No.

THE LONDON REVIEW

OF

Politics, Society, Literature, Art, and Science.

Published every Saturday. 32 Pages.

PRICE 4d. UNSTAMPED. 5d. STAMPED.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION, Post-free (payable in advance), ONE GUINEA.

THE LONDON REVIEW, established in 1860, comments, in a liberal and independent spirit, on public affairs and the incidents of social life, presents miscellaneous articles of instruction and amusement, reviews all the new books, criticises works of Art, and reports the contemporary progress of scientific discovery and invention.

In this Journal, each member of every educated English family may find the subject which specially interests him discussed in a genial and intelligent spirit. Its contents, contributed by able and experienced writers, embrace so large a field, and are written in such a style that, whilst they commend themselves to a refined literary taste, and to highly-cultivated minds, they are yet attractive to all ranks and classes of society.

In Politics, **THE LONDON REVIEW** is the organ of no party. It professes a liberal, but yet a constitutional, policy. It advocates the reform and enlargement, not the revolutionizing, of our institutions. It would preserve peace with other countries, but maintain the honour of our own. It would promote, by all legitimate means, the extension to all nations of the blessings of constitutional government. In ecclesiastical affairs, it maintains the principles of the Established Church, and seeks to extend the influence of the Church, and to adapt it to the wants of the population and of the age; but it does this in a friendly spirit towards other denominations.

THE LONDON REVIEW heartily allies itself with all judicious efforts for ameliorating the condition of the poor, whether physically, morally, intellectually, or religiously. It engages in the investigation of all those matters which are the common or debateable ground between the domains of Revelation and Science; but it does so in a reverent manner, with an unprejudiced desire to arrive at the truth, and from the stand-point of a sincere belief in Scripture, and of a conviction that its authority will not be impaired, but that its meaning will be elucidated, by the progress of scientific knowledge.

THE LONDON REVIEW is published in time for Friday evening's post, so as to reach Subscribers in all parts of the country by an early delivery on Saturday. It is sold at all Railway Bookstalls, and by all Booksellers and News-vendors throughout the country. A Single Copy Post-free, on receipt of Five Stamps.

Publisher and Manager, J. K. SHARPE, to whom Post-office Orders are to be made payable.

OFFICE: 11 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.